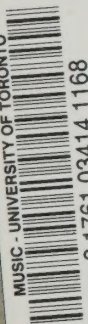


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Howe's songs of Ireland

M  
1744  
H68















# SONGS OF IRELAND

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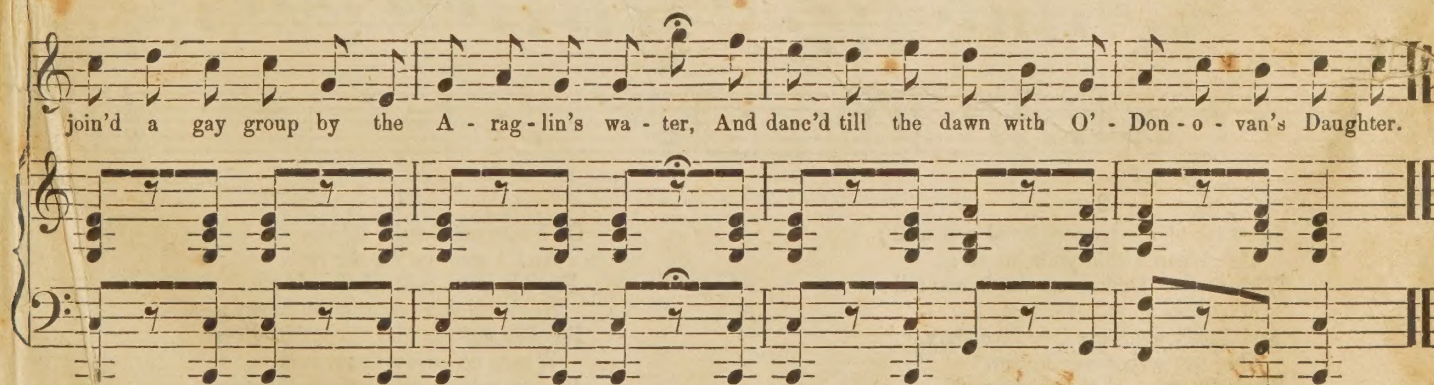
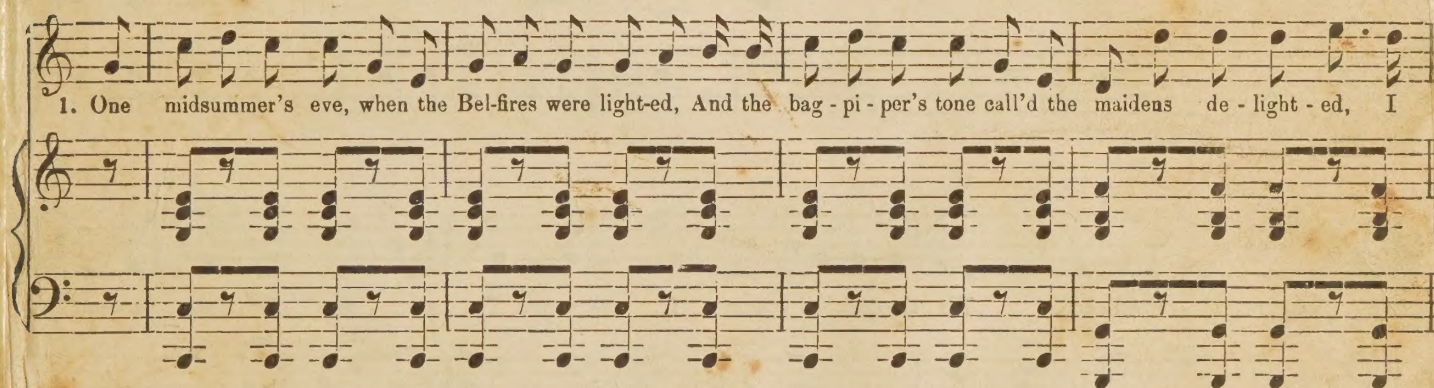
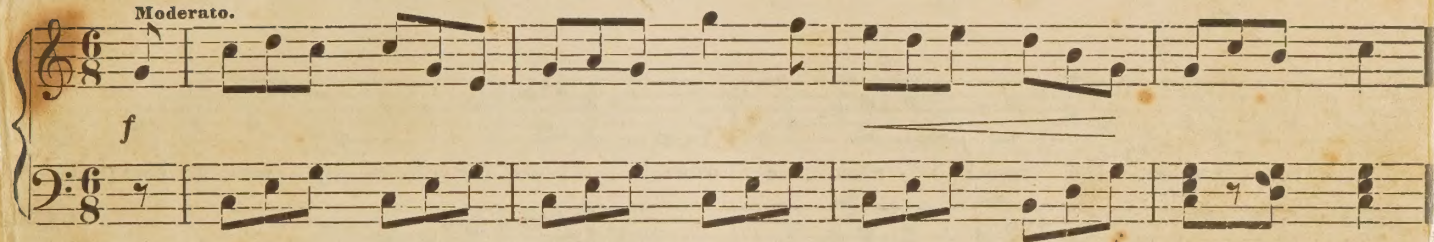
HOWE'S

M  
1744  
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# SONGS OF IRELAND.

## O'DONOVAN'S DAUGHTER.

Moderato.



2. Have you seen the ripe monadan glisten in Kerry?  
Have you mark'd on the Galteys the black wortle-berry,  
Or ceanaban wave by the wells of Blackwater?—  
They're the cheek, eye, and neck of O'Donovan's Daughter!
3. Have you seen a gay kidling on Claragh's round mountain?  
The swan's arching glory on Sheeling's blue fountain?  
Heard a weird woman chant what the fairy choir taught her?  
They've the step, grace, and tone of O'Donovan's Daughter!
4. Have you marked in its flight the black wing of the raven?  
The rose-buds that breathe in the summer breeze waven?  
The pearls that lie hid under Lene's magic water?  
They're the teeth, lip, and hair of O'Donovan's Daughter!
5. Ere the Bel-fire was dimmed, or the dancers departed,  
I taught her a song of some maid broken-hearted:  
And that group, and that dance, and that love-song I taught her  
Haunt my slumbers at night with O'Donovan's Daughter.
6. God grant 'tis no fay from Cnoc-Firinn that woos me,  
God grant 'tis not Clíodhna the queen that pursues me,  
That my soul lost and lone has no witchery wrought her,  
While I dream of dark groves and O'Donovan's Daughter?
7. If, spell-bound, I pine with an airy disorder,  
Saint Gobnate has sway over Musgrý's wide border;  
She'll scare from my couch, when with prayer I've besought her,  
That bright airy spirit like O'Donovan's Daughter.



## THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

1. One blessing on my na - tive isle! One curse up - on her foes! While yet her skies a -

- - bove me smile, Her breeze a - round me blows; Now, nev - er more my cheek be wet; Nor

sigh, nor al - tered mien, Till the dark ty - rant I re - gret The wear - ing of the green.

2.

Sweet land! my parents loved you well;  
 They sleep within your breast;  
 With theirs—for love no words can tell—  
 My bones must never rest.  
 And lonely must my true love stray,  
 That was our village queen,  
 When I am banished far away,  
 For the wearing of the green.

3.

But, Mary, dry that bitter tear,  
 'Twould break my heart to see;  
 And sweetly sleep my parents dear,  
 That cannot weep for me.  
 I'll think not of my distant tomb,  
 Nor seas rolled wide between,  
 But watch the hour, that yet will come,  
 For the wearing of the green.

4.

O, I care not for the thistle,  
 And I care not for the rose,  
 For when the cold winds whistle  
 Neither down nor crimson shows;  
 But like hope to him that's friendless  
 Where no gaudy flower is seen,  
 By our graves, with love that's endless,  
 Waves our own true-hearted green.

5.

O, sure God's world was wild enough,  
 And plentiful for all!  
 And ruined cabins were no stuff  
 To build a lordly hall;  
 They might have let the poor man live,  
 Yet all as lordly been;  
 But heaven its own good time will give  
 For the wearing of the green.



## UP FOR THE GREEN.

Con Anima.

1. 'Tis the green, oh, the green is the color of the true, And we'll back it 'gainst the orange, and we'll raise it o'er the blue, For the  
 2. They may say they have pow-er 'tis vain to op - pose, 'Tis bet - ter to o-bey and live than sure to die as foes; But we

col - or of old Ireland a - lone should here be seen, 'Tis the co - lor of the martyr'd dead, our own im - mor - tal green. Then  
 scorn all their threats, whatev - er they may mean; For we trust in God a - bove us, and we dear - ly love the green. So,

up for the green, boys, and up for the green, Oh, 'tis down to the dust, and a shame to be seen, But we've  
 we'll up for the green, boys, and we'll up for the green, Oh, to die is far better than be curst as we've been; And we've

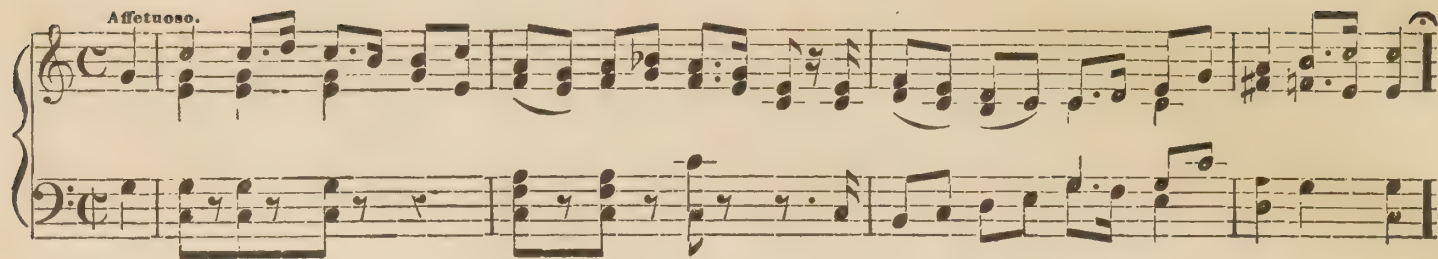
hands, oh, we've hands, boys, full strong enough, I ween, To res-cue and to raise a - gain our own im - mor - tal green.  
 hearts, oh, we've hearts, boys, full true enough, I ween, To res-cue, &c.

3. They may swear, as they often did, our wretchedness to cure;  
 But we'll never trust John Bull again, nor let his lies allure,  
 No, we won't—no, we won't, Bull, for now nor ever more!  
 For we've hopes on the Ocean, and we've trust on shore,  
 Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green!  
 Shout it back to the Sasanach, "We'll never sell the green!"  
 For our Tone is coming back, and with men enough, I ween,  
 To rescue, and avenge us and our own immortal green!

4. Oh, remember the days when their reign we did disturb,  
 At Limerick and Thurles, Blackwater and Bendurb:  
 And ask this proud Saxon if our blows he did enjoy.  
 When we met him on the battle-field of France—at Fontenoy.  
 Then we'll up for the green, boys, and up for the green!  
 Oh, 'tis still in the dust, and a shame to be seen;  
 But we've hearts and we've hands, boys, full strong enough, I ween,  
 To rescue and to raise again, our own unsullied green!



## ERIN GO BRAGH, OR THE EXILE OF ERIN.

*Affettuoso.*

1. There came to the beach a poor ex - ile of E - rin, The dew on his thin robe was hea - vy and chill; For his

 The first vocal line is written on a single staff. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a rhythmic accompaniment.

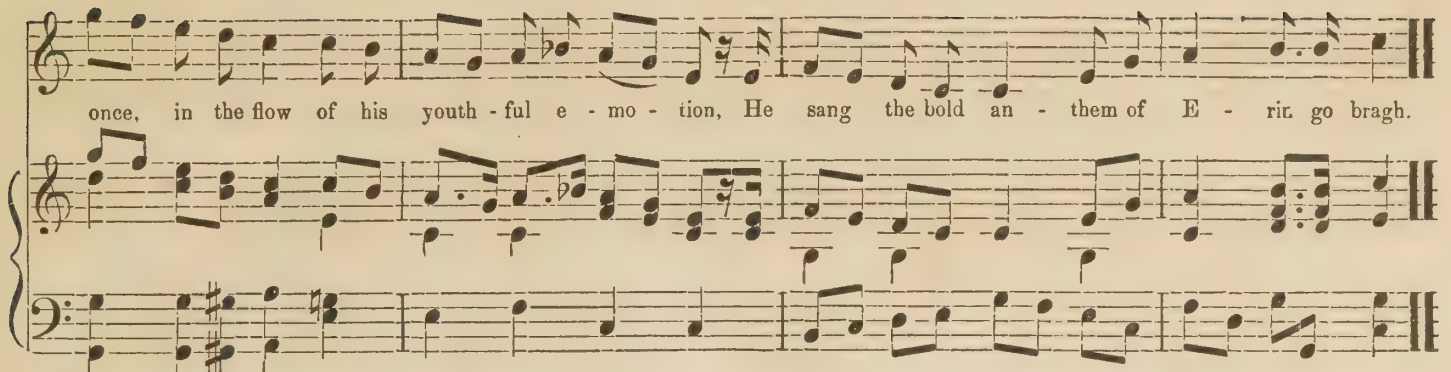
coun - try he sigh'd, when at twi - light re - pair - ing, To wan - der a - lone by the wind - beat - en hill.

 The second vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous section.

But the day - star at - tract - ed his eye's sad de - vo - tion, For it rose on his own na - tive isle of the o - cean, Where

 The third vocal line concludes the phrase. The piano accompaniment features some chromatic movement in the left hand towards the end of the section.

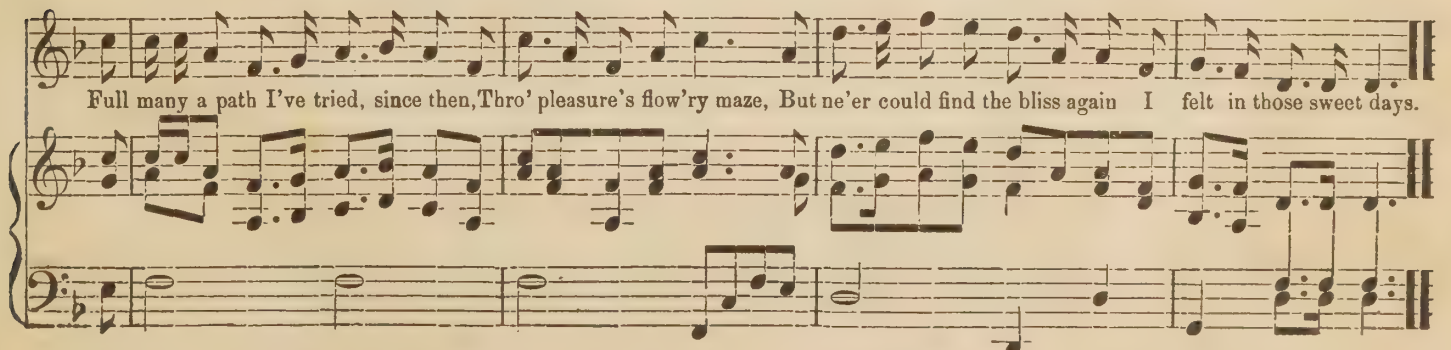
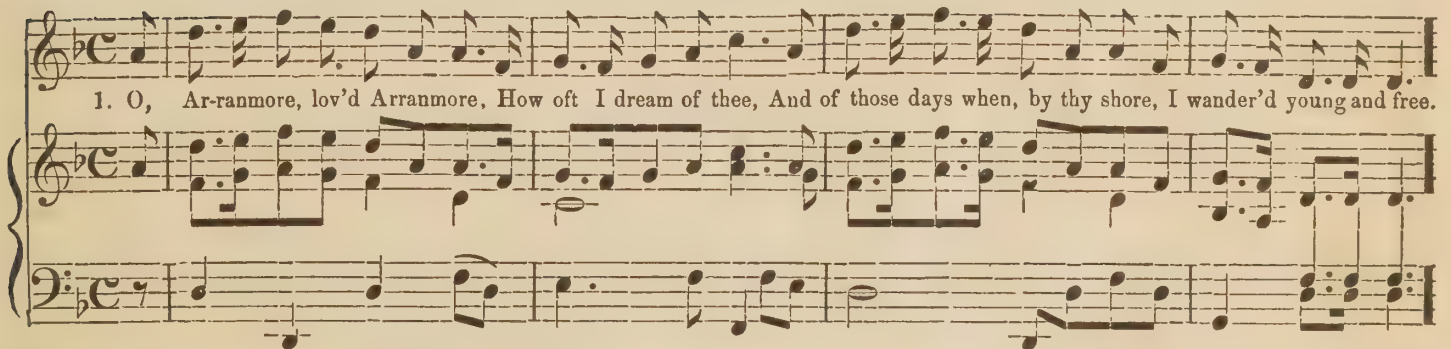


ERIN GO BRAGH. *Concluded.*

2. O sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,  
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;  
But I have no refuge from famine and danger:  
A home and a country remain not for me!  
Ah! never again in the green shady bowers,  
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,  
Or cover my harp with wild woven flow'rs,  
And strike the sweet numbers of Erin go bragh.
3. O Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;  
But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friends that can meet me no more;  
And thou, cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me  
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?  
Ah, never again shall my brothers embrace me!  
They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

4. Where now is my cabin-door, fast by the wildwood?  
Sister and sire did weep for its fall;  
Where is the mother, that looked on my childhood?  
And where is my bosom-friend, dearer than all?  
Ah, my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure,  
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?  
Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure,  
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.
- 5 But yet all its fond recollections suppressing,  
One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw;  
Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,  
Land of my forefathers, Erin go bragh.  
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,  
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle in the ocean,  
And thy harp-striking-bards sing aloud with devotion,  
Erin, mavourneen, sweet Erin go bragh.

## O ARRANMORE, LOVED ARRANMORE.



2. How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs  
At sunny morn I've stood,  
With heart as bounding as the skiffs  
That danced along thy flood;  
Or, when the western wave grew bright  
With daylight's parting wing,  
Have sought that Eden in its light  
Which dreaming poets sing;

3. That Eden where th' immortal brave  
Dwell in a land serene,—  
Whose bowers beyond the shining wave,  
At sunset, oft are seen.  
Ah! dream too full of saddening truth!  
Those mansions o'er the main  
Are like the hopes I built in youth,—  
As sunny and as vain!



6  
AS VANQUISHED ERIN.

Air.—BOYNE WATER.

By THOMAS MOORE.

1. As vanquish'd E - rin wept be - side The Boyne's ill - fat - ed riv - er, She saw where Dis - cord,

in the tide, Had dropp'd his load - ed quiv - er. "Lie hid," she cried, "ye ven - om'd darts, Where

mortal eye may shun you; Lie hid—the stain of man ly hearts, That bled for me, is on you."

2. But vain her wish, her weeping, vain,—  
As Time too well hath taught her—  
Each year the Fiend returns again,  
And dives into that water;  
And brings, triumphant, from beneath  
His shafts of desolation,  
And sends them, winged with worse than death,  
Through all her maddening nation.

3. Alas for her who sits and mourns,  
E'en now, beside that river—  
Unwearied still the Fiend returns,  
And stored is still his quiver.  
"When will this end, ye Powers of Good?"  
She weeping asks forever;  
But only hears, from out that flood,  
The Demon answer, "Never!"

THE DEAR IRISH BOY.

1 My Connor, his cheeks are as rud - dy as morning, The bright - est of pearls do but mim - ic his teeth; While



## THE DEAR IRISH BOY. Concluded.

na - ture, with ring - lets his mild brows a - dorn - ing, His hair Cu - pid's bow-strings, and ro - ses his breath.

Smiling, be - guil - ing, Cheering, en - dear - ing, To - geth - er how oft o'er the mountains we stray'd ; By each

oth - er de - light - ed, And fond - ly u - ni - ted, I have lis - ten'd all day to my dear I - rish boy.

2.

No rebuck more swift could fly over the mountain,  
 No veteran bolder meet danger or scars,  
 He's sightly, he's sprightly, he's clear as the fountain,  
 His eyes beaming love, O, he's gone to the wars.  
 Smiling, beguiling, &c.

3.

The soft tuneful lark, his notes changed to mourning,  
 The dark-screaming owl impedes my night's sleep,  
 While lonely I walk in the shade of the evening,  
 Till my Connor's return I will ne'er cease to weep.  
 Smiling, beguiling, &c.

4.

The war being over, and he not returned,  
 I fear that some dark, envious plot has been laid ;  
 Or that some cruel goddess has him captivated,  
 And left here to mourn his dear Irish maid.  
 Smiling, beguiling, &c.



## KATE KEARNEY.

1. Oh! did you not hear of Kate Kear-ney, She lives on the banks of Kil-lar-ney, From the

glance of her eye, shun dan-ger and fly, For fa-tal's the g'ance of Kate Kear-ney.

For that eye is so mod-est-ly beam-ing, You'd ne'er think of mis-chief she's dream-ing, Yet

Oh! I can tell how fa-tal's the spell That lurks in the eye of Kate Kear-ney.

2.

Oh! should you e'er meet with Kate Kearney,  
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,  
Beware of her smile, for many a wile  
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

Tho' she looks so bewitchingly simple,  
Yet there's mischief in every dimple,  
And who dares inhale her sigh's spicy gale,  
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.



## THE BOWLD SOJER BOY.

1 O, there's not a thrade that's going, Worth showing or knowing, Like that from glory growing For a bowld so - jer boy! Where  
2. But when we get the rout, How they pout and they shout, While to the right a - bout, Goes the bowld sojer boy; 'Tis

right or left we go, Sure you know, Friend or foe, Will have the hand or toe From the bowld so - jer boy, There's  
then that la - dies fair, In des - pair tear their hair, But the Div'l a one I care, Says the bowld so - jer boy; For

not a town we march thro' But la - dies looking arch thro' The window panes, will sarch Thro' the ranks to find their joy, While  
the world is all before us, Where the land-la-dies adore us, And ne'er re - fuse to score us, But chalk us up with joy; We

up the street, Each girl you meet With look so sly Will cry "My eye! Oh, is n't he a darl - ing, The bowld so - jer boy!"  
taste her tap, we tear her cap, "Oh that's the chap for me," says she, "Oh! is n't he a dar - ling, The bowld so - jer boy!"

3 Then come along with me,  
Gramachree, and you'll see  
How happy you will be,  
With your bowld sojer boy;  
Faith if you're up to fun,  
With me run, 'twill be done  
In the snapping of a gun,  
Says the bowld sojer boy.

And 'tis then that without scandal,  
Myself will proudly dandle  
The little farthing candle  
Of our mutual flame, my joy;  
May his light shine as bright as mine,  
'Till in the line he'll blaze and raise  
The glory of his corps,  
Like a bowld sojer boy.



## SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT.

1. Shall the Harp, then, be si - lent, when he who first gave To our country a name, is with - drawn from all  
 2. No,— faint tho' the death-song may fall from his lips, Tho' his Harp, like his soul, may with shadows be

eyes? Shall a Minstrel of E - rin stand mute by the grave, Where the first, where the last of her Pa tri - ots lie?  
 cross'd, Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid the nation's e - clipse, And proclaim to the world what a star has been lost;

3. What a union of all the affections and powers  
 By which life is exalted, embellished, refined,  
 Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was ours,  
 While its mighty circumference circled mankind.
4. O, who that loves Erin, or who that can see,  
 Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime—  
 Like a pyramid raised in the desert—where he  
 And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time;
5. That *one* lucid interval, snatched from the gloom  
 And the madness of ages, when filled with his soul,  
 A Nation o'erleaped the dark bounds of her doom,  
 And for *one* sacred instant, touched Liberty's goal?
6. Who, that ever hath heard him—bath drunk at the source  
 Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,  
 In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,  
 And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown?
7. An eloquence rich, wheresoever it wave,  
 Wander'd free and triumphant, with tho'ts that shone thro',  
 As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave  
 With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.
8. Who, that ever approached him, when free from the crowd,  
 In a home full of love, he delighted to tread  
 'Mong the trees which a nation had given, and which bowed,  
 As if each brought a new civic crown for his head—
9. Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit of life,  
 But at distance observed him—through glory, through blame,  
 In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,  
 Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same,—
10. O, no, not a heart, that e'er knew him, but mourns  
 Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is shrined—  
 O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns  
 Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!

## WIDOW MACHREE.

1. Wi - dow Ma - chree 'tis no won - der you frown, Och hone! Wid - ow Machree! Faith it



## WIDOW MACHREE, Concluded.

ru - ins your looks that same dir - ty black gown, Och hone! Wid - ow Ma - chree! How

al - ter'd your air, With that close cap you wear, 'Tis de - stroy - ing your hair, That should be flowing free, Be no

long - er a churl, Of its black silk - en curl, Och hone, Wid - ow Ma - chree.

*Rall.*

*Colla voce.*

2. Widow Machree, now the summer is come,  
 Och hone, Widow Machree;  
 When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum?  
 Och hone, Widow Machree;  
 See the birds go in pairs,  
 And the rabbits and hares,—  
 Why, even the bears  
 Now in couples agree;  
 And the mute little fish,  
 Though they can't speak, they wish,  
 Och hone, Widow Machree.
3. Widow Machree, and when winter comes in,  
 Och hone, Widow Machree;  
 To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,  
 Och hone, Widow Machree;  
 Why the shovel and tongs  
 To each other belongs,  
 And the kettle sings songs,  
 Full of family glee;  
 While alone with your cup,  
 Like a hermit you sup,  
 Och hone, Widow Machree.

4. And how do you know with the comforts I've told,  
 Och hone, Widow Machree;  
 But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cold?  
 Och hone, Widow Machree;  
 With such sins on your head,  
 Sure your peace would be fled,  
 Could you sleep in your bed  
 Without thinking to see  
 Some ghost or some sprite,  
 That would wake you each night,  
 Crying, "och hone, Widow Machree?"
5. Then take my advice, darlin' Widow Machree,  
 Och hone, Widow Machree;  
 And with my advice, faith, I'd wish you'd take me,  
 Och hone, Widow Machree;  
 You'd have me to desire,  
 Then to stir up the fire,  
 And sure hope is no liar,  
 In whispering to me;  
 That the ghosts would depart,  
 When you'd me near my heart,  
 Och hone, Widow Machree.



## ANGEL'S WHISPER.

S. Lover.

A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, that when a child smiles in its sleep, it is talking to angels.

ANDANTE. Molto espressione.

A

ba - by was sleeping, Its moth - er was weeping, For her hus - band was far on the

wild raging sea, And the tem - pest was swelling, Round the fisher - man's dwelling, And she

*f*

Ad lib.

Cres.

Colla voce.

Feelingly.

cried, "Der - mot dar - ling, Oh come back to me." Her



## ANGEL'S WHISPER, Concluded.

*Lento affetuoso.*

beads while she numbered, The ba - by still slumbered, And smiled in her face as she

bend - ed her knee, "Oh, bless'd be that warning, My child, thy sleep a -

dorn - ing, For I know that the an - gels are whisper - ing to thee."

*Lento.*

*Colla voce.* *ppp*

2.

And while they are keeping  
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,  
Oh, pray to them softly,  
My baby with me,  
And say thou would'st rather  
They'd watch o'er thy Father,  
For I know that the angels  
Are whispering with thee.

3.

The dawn of the morning  
Saw Dermot returning,  
And the wife wept with joy  
Her babe's father to see,  
And closely caressing  
Her child, with a blessing,  
Said, "I knew that the angels  
Were whispering with thee."



## THE FAIRY BOY.

S. Lover.

When a beautiful child pines and dies, the Irish peasant believes the healthy infant has been stolen by the fairies, and a sickly Elf left in its place.

*Tenderly.*

1. A mother came when stars were paling. Wailing round a lonely spring, Thus she cried, while  
 2. "O'er the moun - tain, through the wild wood, Where his child - hood loved to play, Where the flowers are  
 3. But in vain my plaintive call - ing, Tears are fall - ing all in vain, He now sports with

*Tenderly.*

tears were fall - ing, Call - ing on the Fai - ry king. Why with spells my  
 fresh - ly spring - ing, There I wan - der, day by day; There I wan - der, my  
 fai - ry pleas - ure, He's the treas - ure of their train! Fare thee well! der, my

child ca - res - ing, Courting him with fai - ry joy, Why de - stroy a  
 grow - ing fond - er Of the child that made my joy, On the ech - oes a  
 child, for - ev - er; In this world I've lost my joy, In the next we

mother's bless - ing, Wherefore steal my ba - by boy?  
 wild - ly call - ing, To re - store my Fai - ry boy.  
 ne'er shall sev - er, There I'll find my An - gel boy.



## NORAH, THE PRIDE OF KILDARE.

J. Parry.

*Moderato con Espressivo.*

1. As beauteous as Flora is charming young Norah, The joy of my heart, and the pride of Kildare; I  
 2. Where e'er I may be, love, I'll ne'er for - get thee, love! Though beauties may smile and try to en - snare; Yet

*mf*

ne'er can deceive her, For sadly t'would grieve her, To find that I sighed for a - nother less fair. Her  
 noth - ing shall ev - er thy heart from mine sev - er, Dear Norah, sweet No - rah, the pride of Kildare. Her

heart with truth teeming, Her eyes with smiles beaming; What mor - tal could in - jure a blossom so rare, As  
 heart with truth teeming, Her eyes with smiles beaming; What mor - tal could in - jure a blossom so rare, As

No - rah, dear No - rah, the pride of Kildare, As No - rah, dear No - rah, the pride of Kildare.



## 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

T. Moore.

*Feelingly.* *tr*

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom - ing a - lone ; All her love - ly com -  
 2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem ; Since the love - ly are  
 3. So soon may I follow, When friend - ships de - cay, And from love's shin - ing

panions Are fa - ded and gone ; No flower of her kin - dred, No  
 sleeping, Go, sleep thou with them ; Thus kind ly I scat - ter Thy  
 circle The gems drop a - way ; When true hearts lie with - ered, And

rose - bud is nigh, . . . To re - flect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh !  
 leaves o'er the bed, . . . Where thy mates of the garden Lie scent - less and dead.  
 fond ones are flown, . . . Oh, who would in - habit This bleak world a - lone !



## KITTY TYRRELL.

Words by Charles Jefferys.

Music by C. W. Glover.

1. You're looking as fresh as the morn, darling, You're looking as bright as the day ; But while on your charms I'm di-  
 2. I've built me a neat lit - tle cot, darling, I've pigs and po - ta - toes in store ; I've twenty good pounds in the  
 3. You're smiling, and that's a good sign, darling ; Say "yes," and you'll never re - pent ; Or if you would rather be

*Andante non troppo.*

lating, You're stealing my poor heart a - way ; But keep it and welcome, ma - vourneen, Its  
 bank, love, And may be a pound or two more ; It's all ve - ry well to have riches, But  
 si - lent, Your si - lence I'll take for con - sent ; That good natured dimple's a tell-tale, Now

loss I'm not going to mourn ; Yet one heart's enough for a bo - dy, So pray give me yours in re -  
 I'm such a cov - et - ous elf, I can't help still sighing for something, And, darling, that something's your-  
 all that I have is your own ; This week you may be Kit - ty Tyrrell, Next week you'll be Mistress Ma-

*A piacere.*

turn, Ma - vour - neen, ma - vour - neen, O, pray give me yours in re - turn.  
 self. Ma - vour - neen, ma - vour - neen, That something, you know is your - self.  
 lone. Ma - vour - neen, ma - vour - neen, You'll be my own Mis - tress Ma - lone.

*mp*



## KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

*mf Andante.* *mf* *mf*

1. Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen! the grey dawn is break - ing, The horn of the hun - ter is

heard on the hill, The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shak - - ing

Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen! what slumb' - ring still.

*mf* *mf*

Oh hast thou for - got - ten how soon we must sever, Oh! hast thou for -

*Espress e Legato.*

## KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN. Concluded.

got - ten this day we must part, It may be for years, and it may be for -  
 ev - er. Oh, why art thou si - lent, thou voice of my heart, It may be for  
 years, and it may be for - ev - er, Then why art thou si - lent, Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen.

2.

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers,  
 The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light,  
 Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers,  
 Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my sight.  
 Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,

To think that from Erin and thee I must part;  
 It may be for years, and it may be forever,  
 Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart;  
 It may be for years, and it may be forever,  
 Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen.

## FAGAN.

IRISH DANCE.

*mf*

*f*



## CUSHLAMACHREE.

Andante.

1. Dear E-rin, how sweet-ly thy green bosom ri-ses, An em-er-ald set in the ring of the sea; Each

blade of thy meadows my faith-ful world pri zes, Thou queen of the west, the world's Cush-la-ma-chree.

Thy gates o-pen wide to the poor and the stran-ger; There smiles hos-pi-tal-i-ty, hear-ty and free; Thy

friendship is seen in the mo-ment of dan-ger, And the wan-d'r'er is wel-com'd with 'Cush-la-ma-chree.'

2.

Thy sons they are brave, but the battle once over,  
 In brotherly peace with their foes they agree;  
 And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover  
 The soul-speaking blush, that says "Cushlamachree."  
 Then flourish forever, my dear native Erin,  
 While sadly I wander, an exile from thee!  
 And firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,  
 May heaven defend its own Cushlamachree.

## OH! STEER MY BARK TO ERIN'S ISLE.

1. Oh! I have roam'd in ma-ny lands, And ma-ny friends I've met; Not

one fair scene or kind-ly smile, Can this fond heart for-get. But I'll con-fess that

I'm con-tent, No more I wish to roam: Oh steer my bark to E-rin's Isle, For

E-rin is my home, Oh! steer my bark to E-rin's Isle, For E-rin is my home.

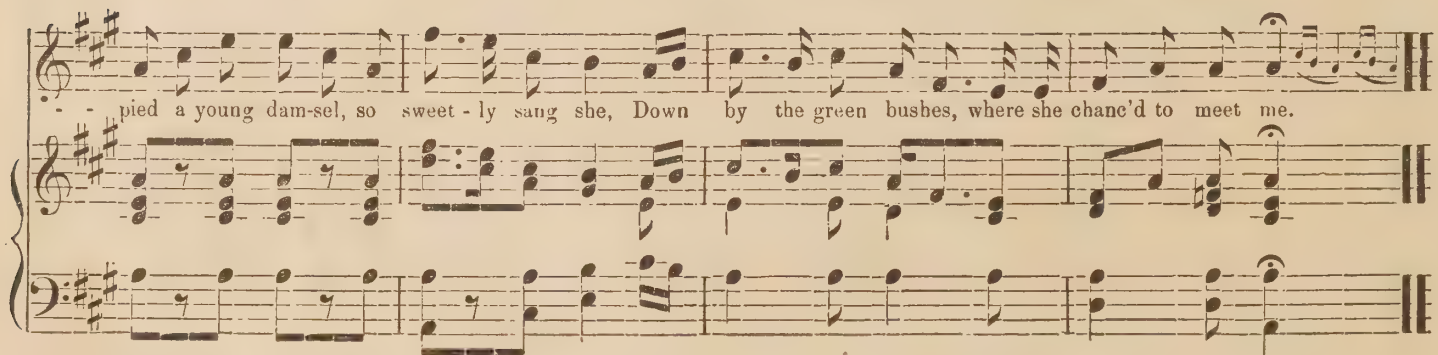
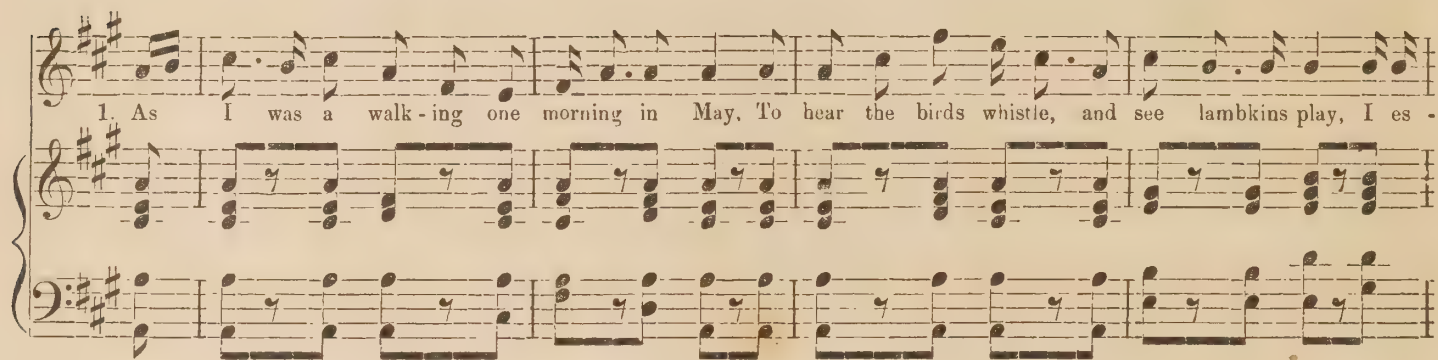
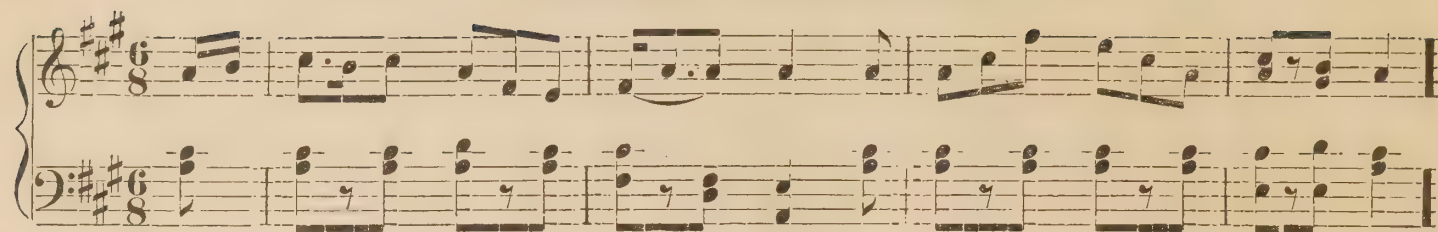
2.

If England were my place of birth,  
I'd love her tranquil shore;  
If bonny Scotland were my home,  
Her mountains I'd adore.

Though pleasant days in both I pass,  
I dream of days to come;  
Oh steer my bark to Erin's Isle,  
For Erin is my home



## GREEN BUSHES.

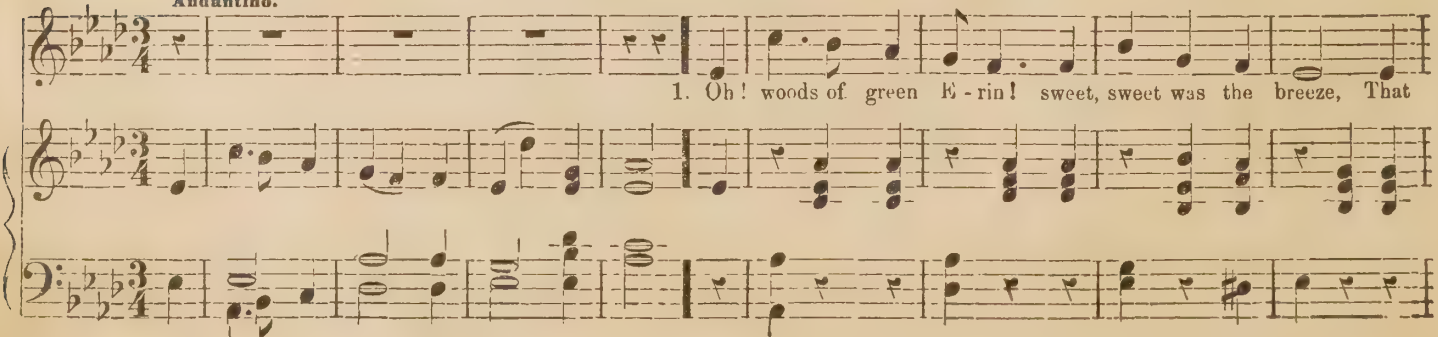


2. "Oh! why are you loitering here, pretty maid?"  
"I'm waiting for my true love," softly she said;  
"Shall I be your true love, and will you agree  
To leave your own true love, and follow with me?"
3. "I'll give you fine bavers, and fine silken gowns;  
I'll give you smart petticoats flounced to the ground,  
I'll buy you fine jewels, and live but for thee,  
If you'll leave your true love, and follow with me."
4. "I want none of your bavers, nor fine silks nor hose,  
For I'm not so poor as to marry for clothes;

- But if you'll be constant and true unto me,  
I'll leave my own true love, and marry with thee."
5. "Come, let us be going, kind sir, if you please;  
Oh! let us be going from under these trees;  
For yonder is coming my true love, you see,  
Down by the green bushes, where he thinks to meet me."
  6. And when he came there, and found she was gone,  
He looked very sheepish, and cried, quite forlorn,  
"She's gone with another, and forsaken me,  
And left the green bushes, where she vow'd to meet me."

## WOODS OF GREEN ERIN.

Andantino.



## WOODS OF GREEN ERIN, Concluded.

rustled long since thro' your wide spreading trees, And sweet was the flow of your wa-ters to hear, And

precious the ca-bin, the home of my dear; For then, thro' your groves, by your wa-ters I walk'd, And with

No-rah, of love and of hap-pi-ness talk'd, While calm as the moonlight, that silver'd your charms, My

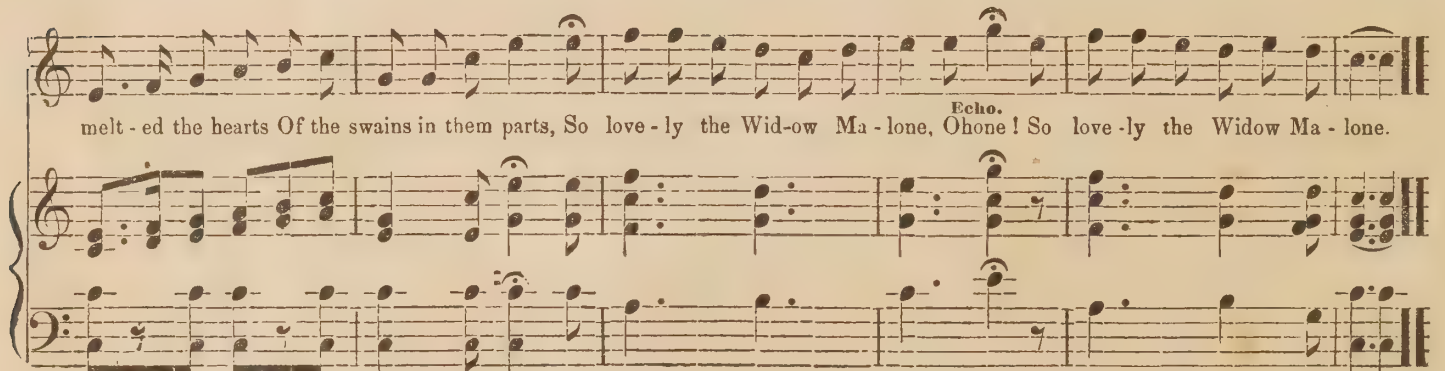
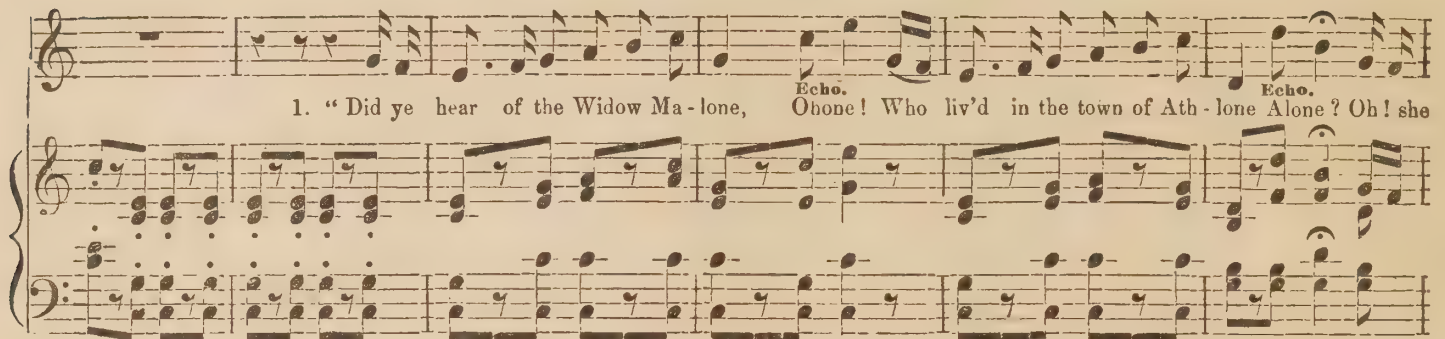
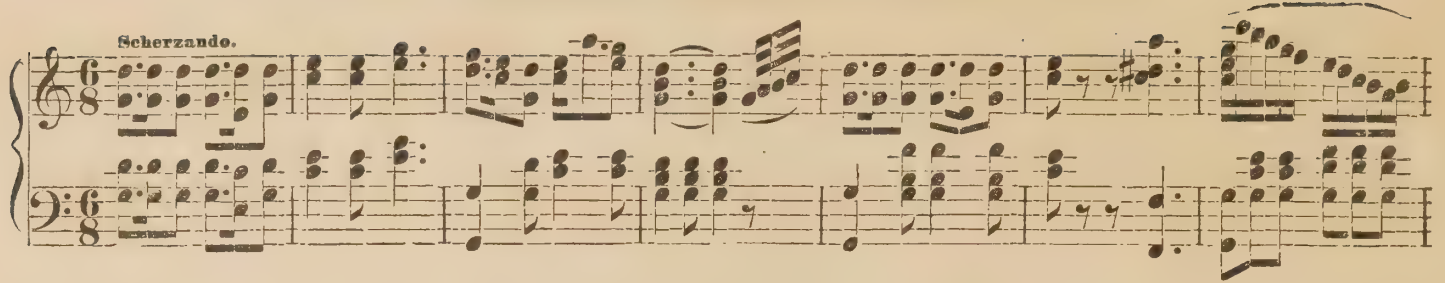
child, soft-ly sleeping, lay press'd in her arms, My child, softly sleeping, lay press'd in her arms.

2.

But now that I visit thee, Erin, again,  
 Though years have passed o'er me, they've pass'd me in vain;  
 Thy woods and thy lakes, and thy mountains no more,  
 Can renew such fond thrills, as they kindled before.  
 Still green are thy mountains, still green are thy groves,  
 Still tranquil the water, my sad spirit loves;  
 But dark is my home, and wild, wild its trees wave,  
 And the dew now falls coldly on Norah's lone grave,  
 And the dew now falls coldly on Norah's lone grave.



## WIDOW MALONE.



2. "Of lovers she had a full score,  
Or more;  
And fortunes they all had galore,  
In store;

From the minister down  
To the clerk of the town  
All were courting the Widow Malone  
Ohone,  
All were courting the Widow Malone.

3. "But so modest was Mrs. Malone,  
'Twas known  
No one ever could see her alone,  
Ohone!

Let them ogle and sigh,  
They could ne'er catch her eye,  
So bashful the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!  
So bashful the Widow Malone.

4. "Till one Mister O'Brien from Clare,  
How quare!

It's little for blushin' they care  
Down there;

Put his arm around her waist,  
Gave ten kisses, at laste,  
'Oh!' says he, 'you're my Molly Malone,  
My own;'

'Oh!' says he, 'you're my Molly Malone.

5. The Widow they all thought so shy,  
My eye!  
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,  
For why?

But Luctus; says she,  
'Since you've made now so free,  
You may marry your Mary Malone,  
Ohone!

You may marry your Mary Malone."

6. "There's a moral contained in my song,  
Not wrong;

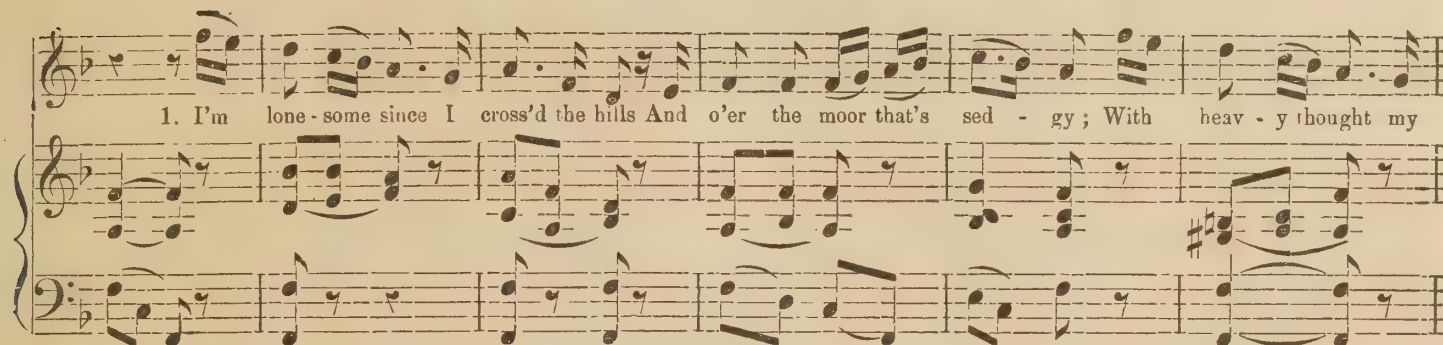
And one comfort it's not very long  
But strong;

If for Widows you die,  
Laru to Kiss, not Sigh;  
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,  
Ohone!

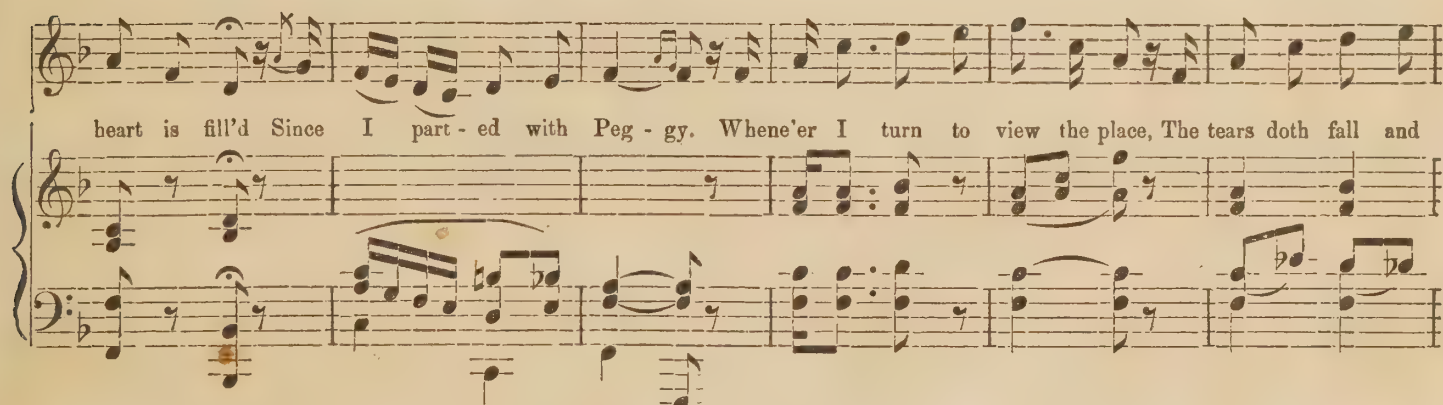
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone."

## THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

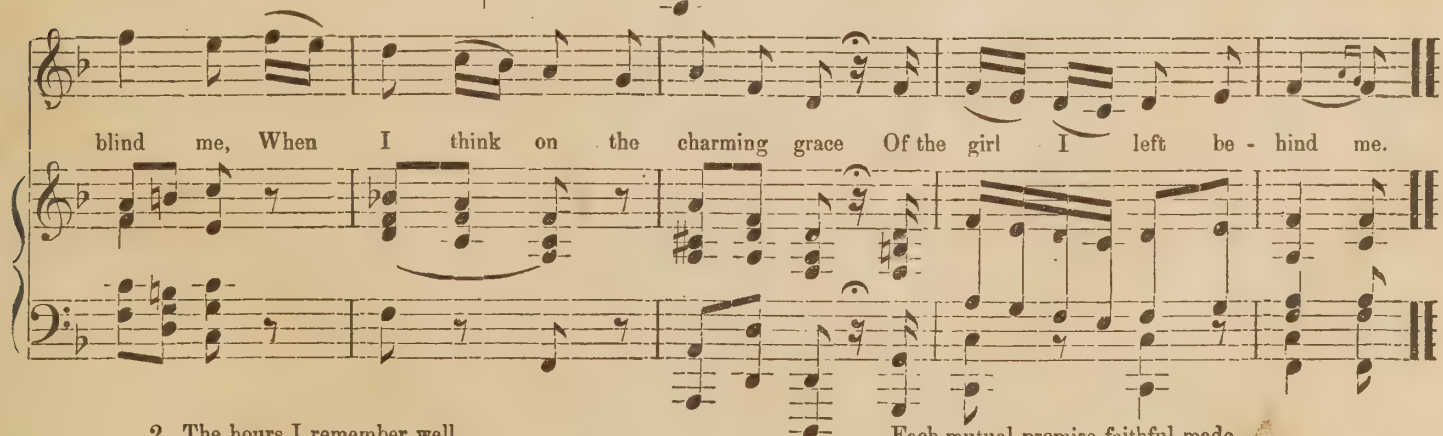
Moderato.



1. I'm lone - some since I cross'd the hills And o'er the moor that's sed - gy ; With heav - y thought my



heart is fill'd Since I part - ed with Peg - gy. Whene'er I turn to view the place, The tears doth fall and



blind me, When I think on the charming grace Of the girl I left be - hind me.

2. The hours I remember well,  
Which next to see doth move me,  
The burning flames my heart doth tell,  
Since first she owned she loved me.  
In search of some one fair and gay,  
Several doth remind me :  
I know my darling loves me well,  
Though I left her behind me.
3. The bees shall lavish, make no store,  
And the dove become a ranger,  
The fallen water cease to roar,  
Before I'll ever change her.

- Each mutual promise faithful made,  
By her whose tears doth blind me,  
And bless the hours I pass away,  
With the girl I left behind me.
4. My mind her image full retains,  
Whether asleep or awoken'd ;  
I hope to see my jewel again,  
For her my heart is breaking.  
But if ever I do go that way,  
And she has not resigned me,  
I'll reconcile my mind and stay  
With the girl I left behind me.



## CROOSKEEN LAWN.

1. Let the Farmer praise his ground, As the  
2. In court with manly grace, Should Sir

Huntsman does his hounds, And the Shep - herd his sweet sha - dy grove, But I, more blest than they, Make each  
To - by plead his case, And the mer - its of his cause made known With - out his cheerful glass, He'd be

hap - py night and day, With my smiling lit - tle crooskeen lawn, lawn, lawn, With my smiling lit - tle croos - keen lawn.  
stu - pid as an ass, So he takes a lit - tle crooskeen lawn, lawn, lawn, So he takes a lit - tle croos - keen lawn.

Gra - ma chree ma crooskeen, slan - tha gal ma - vourneen, Gra - ma - chree ma crooskeen, lawn, lawn, lawn, Gra - ma - chree ma crooskeen,

## CROOSKEEN LAWN, Concluded.

slan - tha gal mavourneen, Arrah cum - a - leen ma u - leen bawn, bawn, bawn, Ar-rah, cum - a - leen ma u - leen bawn.

3. Then fill your glasses high, let's not part with lips adry,  
 Tho' the lark now proclaims it is dawn;  
 And since we can't remain, may we shortly meet again,  
 To fill another crooskeen lawn, &c.  
 Gramachree ma crooskeen, &c.

4. And when grim Death appears, after few, but happy years,  
 And tells me my glass is run,  
 I'll say, "Be gone you slave, for great Bacchus gives me leave,  
 To drink another crooskeen lawn, &c.  
 Gramachree ma crooskeen, &c.

## CROOSKEEN LAWN.

(ANOTHER VERSION.)

Let the Farmer praise his grounds As the Huntsman does his hounds, And the Shepherd his sweet scented lawn, While

I more blest than they, Spend each hap - py night and day With my smil - ing lit - tle Croos - keen lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh my

A little faster.

smiling lit - tle Crooskeen lawn. Le - an - te ru - ma Crooskeen Sle - an - te gar ma-voor - neen, A - gus gra - ma-chree ma cooleen

ban ban ban A - gus gram a chree ma cool - een ban.



## FULL HIGH IN KILBRIDE.

*Larghetto.*

1. Full high in Kil - bride is the grass seen to  
 wave, That shadows, O! gen - er - ous Laugh-lin! thy grave; And oft gal - lant  
 chief, is its ver - dure re - new'd, By the tears of the wid - ow and or-phan be - dew'd.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the voice, and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Larghetto'. The lyrics are written below the voice staff, with some words appearing above the staff for emphasis. The score includes a three-measure rest at the beginning of the first line and a three-measure rest at the beginning of the second line. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

2. Where Boyne's silver tide sweetly murmuring flows,  
 The rich yellow harvest luxuriantly grows;  
 But never again shall the stranger repair,  
 The fruits it shall yield in thy mansion to share.
3. The tones of the harp in that mansion have ceas'd,  
 No more it resounds with the mirth of the feast;

- But each gentle bosom for thee heaves a sigh,  
 And tears of affection obscure each bright eye.
4. No trophies of victory point to thy tomb,  
 No laurels are planted around it to bloom;  
 But long shall thy mem'ry be dear to each breast,  
 While thy spirit on high is enthron'd with the bless'd.

## THE WANDERING HARPER.

*Andantino.*

1. O! ma - ny a moun-tain I

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the voice, and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Andantino'. The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The score includes a three-measure rest at the beginning of the first line. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## THE WANDERING HARPER, Concluded.

wea - ri - ly measure, And far have I wander'd on Erin's green shore! This harp is my on - ly com - panion and treasure, When

welcom'd at sweet hos - pi - tal - i - ty's door. Then list, gen - tle youths, while I sing you a dit - ty I learn'd in dear Connaught, the

soil of my birth; Ye maidens attend, whil'st the tear drop of pi - ty Shall fall like a crys - tal - line gem to the earth.

2. "The hoarse Autumn wind down the valley went sweeping,  
The leaves of the forest hung high on its wing;  
The torrents, surcharged, from the mountains came leaping,  
To join the fierce raid of the dark Storm-King:  
The thunder-clouds burst o'er the breast of Lough Swilly,  
The lightning shafts shivered the oaks on its shore;  
And the echoes awakened a fitful reveillé,  
And died far away in the fields of Rosscore.
3. Young Eily sat lone in her ivy-crowned bower,  
For Cathal, the chief, of the dark flowing hair;  
But the pulse of her heart had out-counted the hour  
That told of their meeting; no Hunter was there:  
The big pearly tears on her dark eyelids glisten,  
The throb of her bosom rose loud o'er her breath,  
As she bends by the fast-fading embers to listen,  
When the tramp of the charger is heard on the heath.
4. She flies through the night. It roars hoarser and higher,  
She hears the deep bay of his dog o'er its swell;  
When riderless, foaming, his dark steed sweeps by her—  
The chief that bestrode him lies stretched in the dell!

- His last gush of life tinged the foam of the fountain,  
A spear-shaft still drank at the source of its tide;  
And his own, that oft pierced the red deer of the mountain,  
Lay shivered, and told that not tamely he died.
5. A hunter of Eire, was Cathal O'Conner:  
The lord of the valley sought Eily O'More;  
He sought her in *guile*, but ere stoop to dishonor,  
She wandered a huntress on mountain and shore.  
And Cathal, *thus doomed*, was the friend of her childhood;  
And the wand, as the septe, had passed from his race:  
No castle was his, but a cot by the wild wood,  
A wolf-dog, a steed, and a spear for the chase.
6. The stormwraith, still, through the valley went sighing,  
The wolf-dog lay crouched on the rocks at his head,  
When the dawning disclosed where the Hunter was lying,  
And the bride of his bosom, young Eily was dead!  
The death-wail was chanted, the mourners arrayed them,  
And laid them to rest in a cloister so gray;  
But the walls of that shrine and the yew-trees that shade them,  
Like the race of the island, bow down to decay."



## THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

*Moderato.*

1. Oh the boys of Kil - ken - ny are

brave roar - ing blades, And if ev - er they meet with the nice lit - tle maids. They kiss them and coax them, and

spend their money free, And of all towns of Ireland Kil - ken - ny for me. And of all towns of Ireland Kil - ken - ny for me.

2. In the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream ;  
 In the town of Kilkenny there lives a pretty dame ;  
 Her lips are like roses, and her cheeks much the same,  
 Like a dish of fresh strawberries smother'd in cream,  
 Like a dish of fresh strawberries, &c.

3. Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's large coal,  
 Which through my poor bosom have burnt a big hole ;  
 If I was in Kilkenny, I'd think myself at home,  
 For it's there I'd get sweethearts, but here I get none,  
 For it's there I'd get sweethearts, &c.

## I'M LEAVING OLD IRELAND.

*Andante.*

1. I'm leav - ing old Ire - land, The

## I'M LEAVING OLD IRELAND. Concluded.

land of my heart, Oh, bless me, dear Moth-er! Be - fore I de - part; I know you will

miss me, I fear you will grieve, When dark - ly be - tween us The wide wa - ters heave, But

Heav'n will watch o'er you, And kind - ly be - friend, And still your poor Kath - leen, From dan - ger de - fend,

I'm leaving old Ireland, The land of my heart, Oh, bless me, dear Moth-er! be - fore I de - part.

2. When far among strangers,  
I wander alone,  
My thoughts will be straying,  
To days that are gone;  
Asleep or awaking,  
I'll think of you still,  
And our turf-covered cabin,

Beside the green hill,  
The hour will be joyous  
And welcome to me,  
When after long absence,  
My dear home I see,  
I'm leaving old Ireland,  
The land of my heart, &c.



## THE GREEN FIELDS OF AMERICA.

Composed by Miss Mary O'Neil.

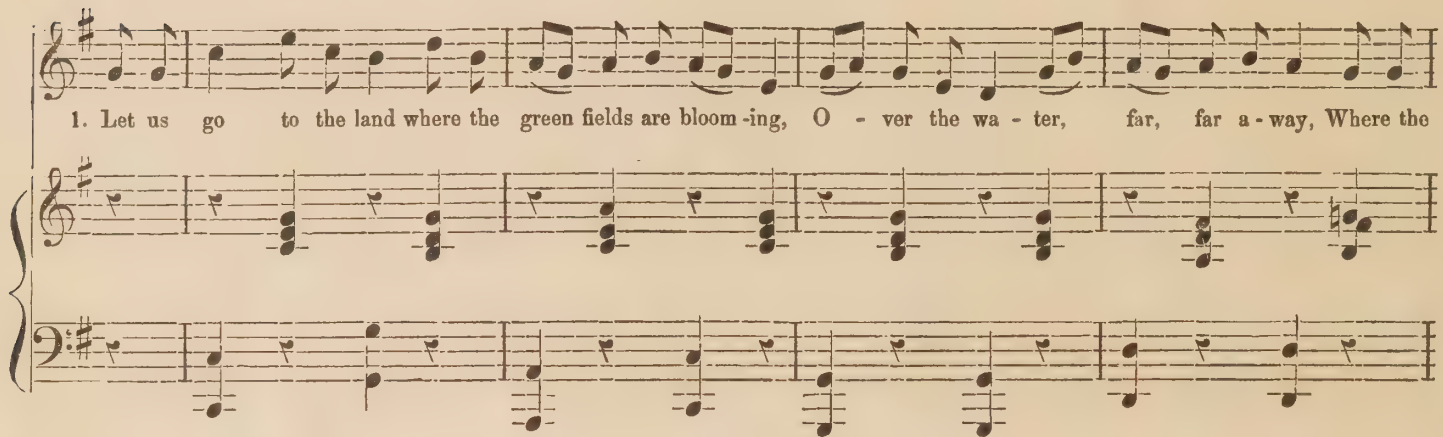
*Moderato.*

*mf*



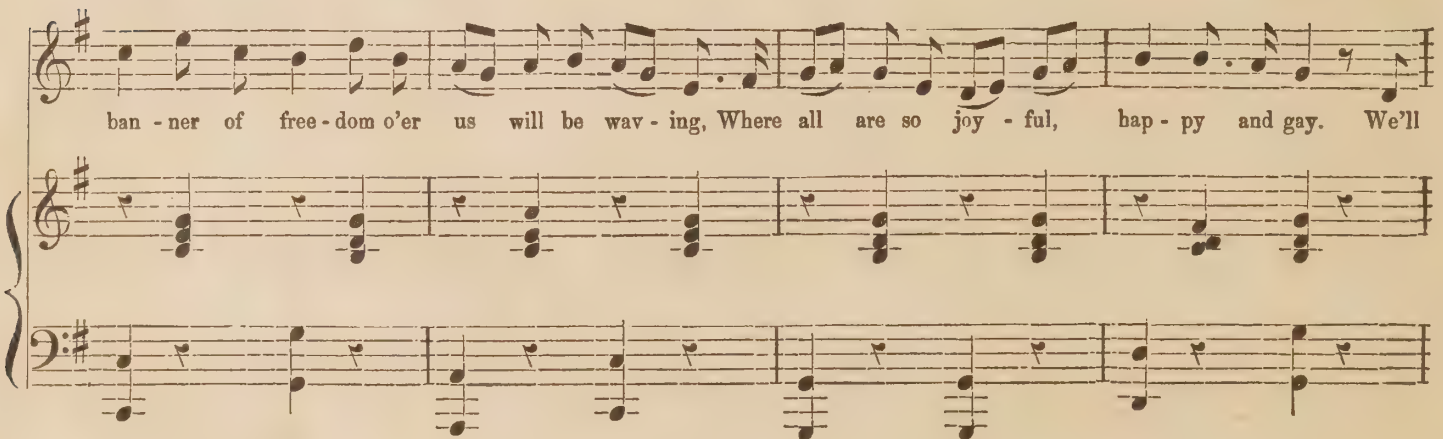
The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a half note F#4, followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and finally a quarter note E5. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a half note F#2, followed by quarter notes G2, A2, and B2, then a half note C3, and finally a quarter note D3. The dynamic marking *mf* is placed above the first measure of the left staff.

1. Let us go to the land where the green fields are bloom-ing, O - ver the wa - ter, far, far a - way, Where the



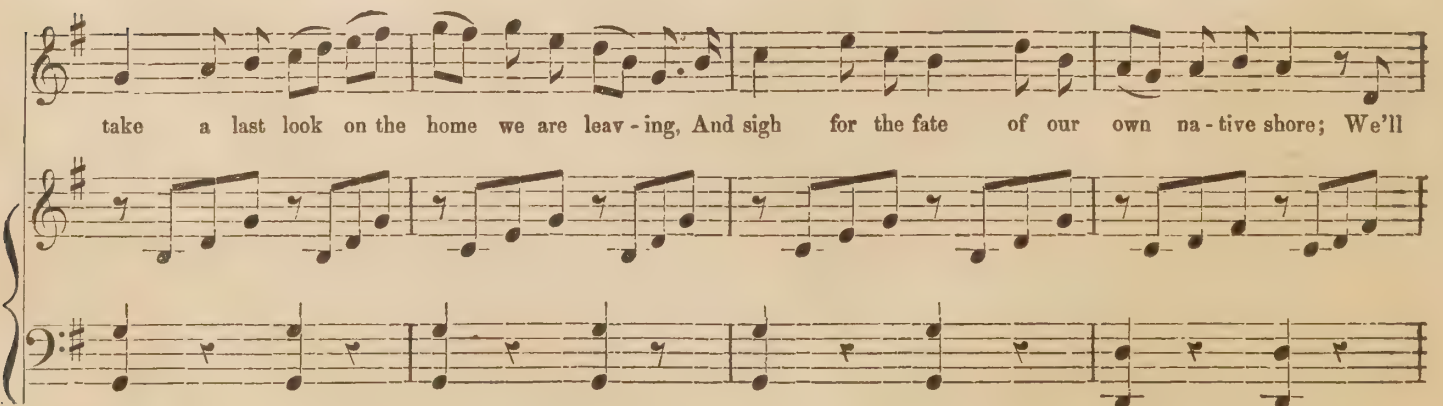
The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a treble staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass). The vocal line begins with a half note F#4, followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and finally a quarter note E5. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and a series of chords in the right hand. The lyrics are: "1. Let us go to the land where the green fields are bloom-ing, O - ver the wa - ter, far, far a - way, Where the".

ban - ner of free - dom o'er us will be wav - ing, Where all are so joy - ful, hap - py and gay. We'll



The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note F#4, followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and finally a quarter note E5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note bass line and chords. The lyrics are: "ban - ner of free - dom o'er us will be wav - ing, Where all are so joy - ful, hap - py and gay. We'll".

take a last look on the home we are leav - ing, And sigh for the fate of our own na - tive shore; We'll



The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note F#4, followed by quarter notes G4, A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and finally a quarter note E5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note bass line and chords. The lyrics are: "take a last look on the home we are leav - ing, And sigh for the fate of our own na - tive shore; We'll".

## THE GREEN FIELDS OF AMERICA, Concluded.

go to the land where the green fields are bloom - ing, The home of the stran-ger, our new home, As-tore.

2. Let us go to the land where the green fields are blooming,  
O, friends of our youth, we bid you adieu;  
And, O, while our footsteps are far distant roaming,  
Dear ones of our kindred we'll oft think of you.  
Then bear us away to the land of the stranger,  
The home of the pilgrim, the land of the free;  
Cheer up, my own Kathleen, we'll brave every danger,  
And go to the green fields away over the sea.

3. Let us go to the land where the green fields are blooming,  
Kathleen, my darling, the ship's by the strand;  
We'll cross the great ocean, 'mid billows all foaming,  
All perils and dangers we've learned to withstand,  
Then cheer up, my loved one, let sorrow no longer  
Dim the fond eye that once beamed with light,  
There is plenty, they say, in the land where we're going,  
The green fields of America ever are bright.

## CAPTAIN MEGAN.

Moderato.

1. O! the  
face of brave Cap-tain Me-gan Was as broad as a big fry-ing-pan; Just o-ver his snout, One  
eye was snuff'd out, But the oth-er burn'd bright upon Nan, sweet Nan! O, it bother'd the heart of poor Nan.

2. 'I'm no beauty,' sigh'd Captain Megan,  
But 'tis manners alone make the man;  
And though my long nose  
Should hang o'er my toes,  
Would you like me the worse for it, Nan—sweet Nan?  
Would you like me the worse for it, Nan.

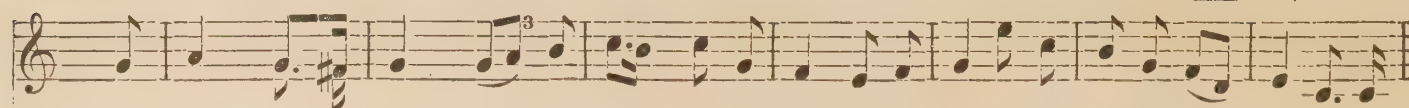
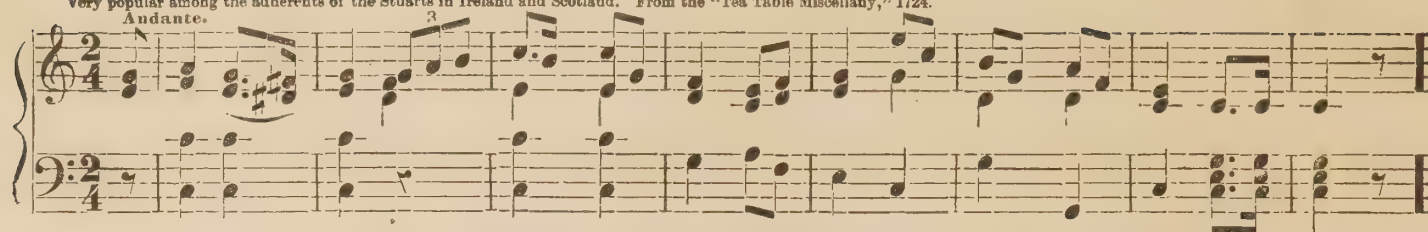
3. Nan leer'd upon Captain Megan;  
Her skin was the colour of tan;  
But the Captain, she saw,  
Had a jenescaiquoi;  
So the Captain he conquer'd sweet Nan—sweet Nan!  
O! long life to brave Captain Megan!



## \* THE BLACK BIRD.

Very popular among the adherents of the Stuarts in Ireland and Scotland. From the "Tea Table Miscellany," 1724.

Andante.



1. It was on one fine morn-ing for soft re - cre - a - tion, I heard a fair dam-sel mak - ing a sad  
Sigh - ing and sob - - bing with sad la - men - ta - tion, Say - ing, my Black-bird most roy - al has



moan, } My thoughts they de-ceiv'd me, re - flec - tion it grieves me, And I am o'er - bur-den with sad mise-  
flown. }



- - ry; But if death should blind me, as true love in - clines me, My Black - bird I'll seek out wherever he be.

- 2 Once in fair England my blackbird did flourish,  
He was the chief flower that in it did spring,  
Fair ladies of honor his person did nourish,  
Because he was the true son of a king.  
But O that false fortune has prov'd so uncertain,  
That caus'd the parting between you and me,  
His name I'll advance in Spain, or in France,  
And seek out my Blackbird wherever he be.
- 3 In England my blackbird and I were together,  
When he was the most noble and generous of heart;  
But woe to the time when he arrived there,  
Alas! he was soon forced from me to part.  
In Scotland he's deem'd and was highly esteemed,  
In England he seems but a stranger to me,  
But if he remain in France or in Spain,  
All blessings on my blackbird wherever he be.

- 4 But if by the fowler my blackbird is taken,  
Sighing and sobbing will be all the tune,  
But if he is safe, and I'd not mistaken,  
I hope I shall see him in May or in June.  
The birds of the forest, they all flock together,  
The turtle was chosen to dwell with the dove,  
So I'd resolved in fair or foul weather,  
Once in the spring to seek out my love.
- 5 Oh! he is all my treasure, my joy and my pleasure,  
He's justly belov'd though my heart follows thee,  
How constant and kind and courageous of mind,  
Deserving of blessing wherever he be.  
It's not the wide ocean can fright me with danger,  
Although like a pilgrim I wander forlorn,  
For I'll find more friendship from one that's a stranger,  
More than from one that in Britain was born.

\* The "Blackbird," was the name given to the "Chevalier," for his dark complexion.

## KITTY OF COLERAINE.

Lively.

1. As beau-ti-ful Kit-ty one

morning was tripping With a pitch-er of milk from the fair of Coleraine, When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher down tumbled, And

all the sweet butter-milk went on the plain. "Oh, what shall I do now? 'twas looking at you now! Sure, sure such a pitcher I'll

ne'er meet a-gain; 'Twas the pride of my dai-ry, O Bar-ney Mc-Clea-ry, You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine!'

2.

I then walk'd beside her, and gently did chide her,  
That such a misfortune should give her such pain;  
A kiss then I gave her, and ere I did leave her,  
She blush'd and consented to meet me again.

'Twas haymaking season—I can't tell the reason—  
Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain;  
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,  
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.



## \* THE FOUR LEAVED SHAMROCK.

*Moderato.*

1. I'll seek a four leav'd Shamrock, In all the fairy dells, And if I find the charmed leaves, Oh how I'll weave my spells, I

*Espress.*

*Colla voce.*

*Ritard.* *Ad Lib.*

would not wast my ma - gic might On dia - mond, pearle, or gold, For treas - ures tire the wea - ry sense, Such

*Colla voce.*

*A tempo.*

tri - umph is but cold; But I would play th' - enchanter's part In cast - ing bliss around, Oh!

*Ad lib.*

not a tear nor ach - ing heart should in the world be found, Should in the world be found.

2 To worth I would give honor,  
I'd dry the mourner's tears,  
And to the pallid lip recall  
The smile of happier years,  
And heart that had been long estrang'd,  
And friends that had grown cold,  
Should meet again like parted streams,  
And mingle as of old.  
Oh! thus I'd play th'enchanter's part,  
Thus scatter bliss around,  
And not a tear nor aching heart,  
Should in the world be found.  
Should in the world be found.

3 The heart that had ben mourning,  
O'er vanished dreams of love,  
Should see them all returning,  
Like Noah's faithful dove,  
And hope should launch her blessed bark  
On sorrow's dark'ning sea,  
And mis'ry's children have an ark,  
And saved from sinking be.  
O! thus I'd play th'enchanter's part,  
Thus scatter bliss around,  
And not a tear nor aching heart  
Should in the world be found.  
Should in the world be found.

\* A four leaved Shamrock is supposed to endue the finder with magic power.

## IRISH AIR-CASTLES.

AIR—"NOCH BONIN SHIN DOE."

Allegretto.

1. Sweet No-rah, come here, and look  
2. And now there's a coach, and four

in - to the fire; May - be in its embers good luck we might see; But don't come too near, or your glances so shin - ing, Will galloping hors - es, A coachman to drive, and a footman be - hind; That betokens some day we will keep a fine carriage, And

put it clean out, like the sunbeams, machree! Just look 'twixt the sods, where so brightly they's burning; There's a sweet little valley, with dash through the street with the speed of the wind; As Dermot was speaking, the rain down the chimney Soon quenched the turf-fire on the hol-

riv - ers and trees, And a house on the bank, quite as big as the squire's, Who knows but some day we'll have something like these? - lowed hearth-stone, While mansion and carriage in smoke-wreaths evanished, And left the poor dreamers de - ject - ed and lone.

3 Then Norah to Dermot these words softly whisper'd,—  
" 'Tis better to *strive*, than to vainly desire;  
And our little hut by the roadside is better  
Than palace, and servants, and coach—IN THE FIRE!"

'Tis years since poor Dermot his fortune was dreaming—  
Since Norah's sweet counsel effected its cure;  
For ever since then hath he toiled night and morning,  
And now his snug mansion looks down on the Suir,



## \* COLLEEN BAWN.

.OR PATRICK DARLING, WOULD YOU LEAVE ME.

*Andantino non troppo.*

1. Oh, Pat - rick dar - lin' would you leave me, To sail a - cross the big salt sea? I nev - er thought you'd

thus de - ceive me; Its not the truth you're tell - in' me; Though Dublin is a migh - ty ci - ty, Its

there I should be quite for-lorn, For poor and friendless, who would pi - ty Left lone-ly there,— your Colleen Bawn?

2 You tell me that your friends are leaving  
The dear green isle, to cross the main;  
But don't you think they'll soon be grieving  
For dear ould Ireland once again?  
Can they forget each far-famed river?  
Each hill a thousand songs adorn?  
Can you depart from them for ever—  
Could you forget your Colleen Bawn?

3 Sure, Patrick, me you've been beguiling,  
It's not my heart your name to break,  
Tho' fortune may not now be smiling,  
Your Colleen Bawn you'll not forsake;  
I'll go with you across the sea, dear,  
If brighter days for us wont dawn;  
No matter where our home may be, dear,  
I still will be your Colleen Bawn.

(“The Colleen Bawn” means, literally, “The Fair Girl;” Applied as a pet-name, as in the song and in the celebrated drama so called, it becomes a term of endearment.)

## THE LOW BACK'D CAR.

1. When first I saw sweet Peg - gy, 'Twas on a mar - ket day, A low backed car she drove, and set Up -  
2. In bat - tle's wild com - mo - tion, The proud and migh - ty Mars, With hos - tile scythes, de - mands his tithes Of

## THE LOW BACK'D CAR, Concluded.

- on a truss of hay ; But when that hay was bloom - ing grass, And decked with flowers of spring, No  
death, in war like cars ; While Peg - gy, peace - ful god - dess, Has darts in her bright eye, That

flow'r was there that could compare With the blooming girl I sing, As she sat in the low backed car— The  
knock men down, in the mar - ket town, As right and left they flew, While she sits in her low backed car— Than

man at the turn-pike bar Nev - er asked for the toll, But just rubbed his old poll, And look af - ter the low-back'd car.  
bat-tles more dangerous far— For the doc - tor's art Can - not cure the heart That is hit from the low-back'd car.

*Rall. Tempo. Rall. ad lib.*

*Colla voce. Colla voce.*

3 Sweet Peggy, round her car, sir,  
Has strings of ducks and geese,  
But the scores of hearts she slaughters  
By far out-number these ;  
While she among her poultry sits,  
Just like a turtle dove,  
Well worth the cage, I do engage,  
Of the blooming god of love !  
While she sits in her low-backed car,  
The lovers came near and far,  
And envy the chicken  
That Peggy is pickin',  
As she sits in the low-backed car.

4 Oh, I'd rather own that car sir,  
With Peggy by my side,  
Than a coach-and-four, and goold galore,  
And a lady for my bride ;  
For the lady would sit forninst me,  
On a cushion made with taste,  
While peggy would sit beside me  
With my arm around her waist—  
While we drove in the low-backed car,  
To be married by Father Maher,  
Oh, my heart would beat high  
At her glance and her sigh—  
Though it beat in a low-backed car.



## O! HUSH THE SOFT SIGH.

*Andante.*

1. O! hush the soft sigh, maid, and  
dry the sweet tear,— In this bos - om thy im - age shall ev - er be dear; Of hope's pic - tur'd  
scenes, how the col - ours de - cay! And love's fai - ry sea - son as soon melts a - way.

2 When its balm-breathing dew I delighted to sip,  
Did I think a farewell would escape from that lip?  
By honor commanded, though far I should roam,  
The loadstone of love will attract me to home.

3 At noon, when the rose's warm blush thou shalt see,  
O! think of the wreaths thou hast woven for me!  
At night when the moon in mild splendour shall move,  
O! view that fair planet, and think how I love!

## A TRUE IRISH KING.

AIR.—"FATHER QUIN."  
*Moderato.*

1. The Cæ - sar of Rome has a wid - er demes-ne, And the  
2. For, he must have come from the con - quering race— The heir

## A TRUE IRISH KING, Concluded.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The third system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

*Ard-Righ* § of France has more clans in his train; The scap - tre of Spain is more hea - vy with gems, And our  
of their val - or, their glo - ry, their grace; His frame must be state - ly, his step must be fleet, His hand

crowns cannot vie with the Greek di - a - dems; But kinglier far before heaven and man Are the em - erald fields, and the  
must be trained to each war - ri - or feat, His face, as the harvest moon, steadfast and clear, A head to en - lighten, a

fi - ry-eyed clan, The sceptre, and state, and the po - ets who sing, And the swords that en - cir - cle A TRUE IRISH KING!  
spir - it to cheer, While the foremost to rush where the battle-brands ring, And the last to re - treat is A TRUE IRISH KING!

3 Yet, not for his courage, his strength, or his name,  
Can he from the clansmen their fealty claim.  
The poorest, and highest, choose freely to-day  
The chief, that to-night, they'll as truly obey;  
For loyalty springs from a people's consent,  
And the knee that is forced had been better unbent—  
The Sassenach serfs no such homage can bring  
As the Irishman's choice of A TRUE IRISH KING!

4 Come, look on the pomp when they "make an O'Neill;"  
The muster of dynasts—O'Hagan, O'Sheil,  
O'Cahan, O'Hanlon, O'Breslen, and all,  
From mild Ardes and Orion to rude Donegal.  
"St. Patrick's *comharba*," \* with bishops thirteen,  
And ollaves,† and brehons,‡ and minstrels, are seen,  
Round Tulach-Og Rath.§ like the bees in the spring,  
All swarming to honor A TRUE IRISH KING.

5 Unsaddled he stands on the foot-dinted rock,  
Like a pillar stone fix'd against every shock.  
Round, round is the Rath on a far-seeing hill,  
Like his blemishless honor, and vigilant will.  
The gray-beards are telling how chiefs by the score  
Have been crowned on "The Rath of the Kings" heretofore,  
While, crowded, yet ordered, within its green ring,  
Are the dynasts and priests round THE TRUE IRISH KING.

6 The chronicler read him the laws of the clan,  
And pledged him to bide by their blessing and ban;  
His *skian* and his sword are unbuckled to show  
That they only were meant for a foreigner foe;  
A white willow wand has been put in his hand—  
A type of pure, upright, and gentle command—  
While hierarchs are blessing, the slipper they fling,  
And O'Cahan proclaims him A TRUE IRISH KING!

7 Thrice looked he to Heaven with thanks and with prayer—  
Thrice looked to his borders with sentinel stare—  
To the waves of Loch Neagh, the heights of Strabane;  
And thrice on his allies, and thrice on his clan—  
One clash on their bucklers!—one more!—they are still—  
What means the deep pause on the crest of the hill?  
Why gaze they above him?—a war-eagle's wing!  
"Tis an omen!—Hurrah! for THE TRUE IRISH KING!"

8 God aid him!—God save him!—and smile on his reign—  
The terror of England—the ally of Spain.  
May his sword be triumphant o'er Sassenach arts!  
Be his throne ever girt by strong hands, and true hearts!  
May the course of his conquest run on till he see  
The flag of Plantagenet sink in the sea!  
May minstrels forever his victories sing,  
And saints make the bed of THE TRUE IRISH KING!

\* A concluding stanza, generally intended as a recapitulation of the entire ballad. † The coming of an historian who shall liberate our illustrious dead from the bondage of neglect and calumny is foretold in our prophecies. ‡ See Appendix L, to O'Donovan's "Hy-Fiachra," p. 425, &c. § *Ard-Righ*,—Great King. \* Successor,—the Archbishop of Armagh.  
† Ollaves,—Doctors or learned men. Brehons,—Judges. ‡ Tulach-Og,—between Cookstown and Stewartstown, County Tyrone



## DERMOT ASTORE.

*mf* *mf* *f*

1. Oh! Der - mot As - tore! between wak - ing and sleeping, I heard thy dear voice, and I

*Sostenuto.*

*mf* *mf* *Cres.* *mf*

wept to its lay; Ev'-ry pulse of my heart, the sweet measure was keeping, Till Kil -

*pp Dolce.* *Decres.*

*mf* *mf* *p* *pp* *mf Affettuoso.* *mf*

- - - lar - ney's wild ech - oes had borne it a - way. Oh! tell me my own love, is

*pp Colla Voce.*

*mf* *mf* *f* *mf* *mf*

this our last meet - ing, Shall we wan - - der no more in Kil - lar - - ney's green

*Cres.* *f*

## DERMOT ASTORE. Concluded.

bow'rs, To watch the bright sun.... o'er the dim hills re-treating, And the wild.... stag at

rest in his bed..... of spring flow'rs? Oh! Der - - mot As - tore! between wak - ing and

sleeping, I heard thy dear voice, and I wept to its lay; Ev'-ry pulse of my

heart, the sweet mea - sure was keeping, Till Kil - lar - - ney's wild echoes had borne it a - way.

*Colla Voce.* *pp* *Più animato e affet.* *Lento.* *Rall.* *Colla voce.*

2.

Oh! Dermot Astore! how this fond heart would flutter,  
 When I met thee by night in the shady borean,  
 And heard thine own voice in a soft whi-per utter  
 Those words of endearment, "Mavourneen Coleen,"

I know we must part, but O! say not forever,  
 That it may be for years, adds enough to my pain;  
 But I'll cling to the hope that tho' now we must sever,  
 In some blessed hour I sha'll meet thee again.



44  
DUBLIN BAY.

1. There sail'd a - way in a gal - lant ship, Roy Neill and his fair young bride, They had

ven - tur'd all in the bound - ing barque that danc'd o'er the silv' - ry tide; But

their hearts were young and spir'its light, As they dash'd the tears a - way, As they

watch'd the shore re - cedo from sight of their own sweet "Dub - lin Bay."

2.

3.

Three days they sailed, when a storm arose, and lightning flash'd the deep, On the crowded deck of the doomed ship, some knelt in mute despair,  
And the thunder's crash broke the short repose of the weary seamen's sleep, While some, more calm, with a holy lip rais'd their voice to their God in pra'r;  
Roy Neill he clasped his weeping bride, and kissed her tears away, She's struck on the rocks, the sailors cried; in the depth of their wild dismay,  
'Oh, love,' she cried, 'twas a fatal hour we left sweet Dublin Bay.' The ship went down with that fair young bride that sail'd from Dublin Bay.

## MY MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

Moderato.

1. There, there hangs the por - trait which fond - ly I prize, The pride of my heart, the de - light of my eyes. My

mother, my mother! I oft think with tears, Of thy undy - ing fondness that grew with my years, Oh, how kindly she watch'd me, how

pure was her love, And tho' proud as the ea - gle, she still was the dove. Deep and rich were her feel - ings, and

anx - ious her care, And I bless her while view - ing that dear face there!

2. Oft, oft, when I gaze on those features so fair,  
As mild as an angel's, upraised in prayer,  
I fancy her eyes beam with fondness on me,  
And my kind mother there, as in life, still I see.  
She is shrin'd in my heart, but, alas! with a tear  
I bedew the fair semblance I worship'd so here,  
And turn from the world oft to utter a prayer,  
And to look, unobserved, on that dear face there!

3. Sweet mother, in childhood you cradled my head,  
And I pillowed thine when thou slept with the dead.  
All, all my heart's treasures were centered in thee,  
And for aye unforgotten thy mem'ry will be.  
The soft sweet voice that bless'd me falls now on mine ear,  
And the hands that caressed me seem still be near.  
Tears shame not a man when a tear aids the prayer  
That I breathe for the peace of that dear face there!



## THE MORNING AIR PLAYS ON MY FACE.

Allegretto.

1. The morning air plays on my face, And  
2. Bright ev'ry dew - y haw - thorn shines, Sweet

thro' the gray mist peer - ing, The sof - ten'd silv'ry sun I trace, Wood, wild, and mountain cheering; Larks a - loft are  
ev - 'ry herb is grow - ing, To him whose willing heart in-clines, The way that he is do - ing. Fan - cy shows to

sing - ing, Hares from co - vert spring - ing, And o'er the fen the wild duck's brood Their early way are winging.  
me now, What will short - ly be, now—I'm pat - ing at her door, poor Tray, Who fawns and welcoms me now.

3 How slowly moves the rising latch!  
How quick my heart is beating!  
That worldly dame is on the watch  
To frown upon our meeting.  
Fie! why should I mind her?  
See, who stands behind her!  
Whose eye doth on her trav'ler look  
The sweeter and the kinder.

4. O! every bounding step I take,  
Each hour the clock is telling,  
Bears me o'er mountain, bourne and brake,  
Still nearer to her dwelling.  
Day is shining brighter,  
Limbs are moving lighter,  
While every thought to Nora's love  
But binds my faith the tighter.

## THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

Andantino.

1. A - lone, to the banks of the dark-roll-ing Danube, Fair

## THE WOUNDED HUSSAR. Concluded.

Ad - elaide hied when the battle was o'er: "O! wither," she cried, "hast thou wandered, my lover, Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?"

What voice did I hear? 'Twas my Hen - ry that sigh'd!' All mourn - ful she has - ten'd, nor

wander'd a - far, When, bleeding and low, on the heath she descried, By the light of the moon, her poor wounded hussar.

2 From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrents was streaming,  
And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar;  
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,  
That melted in love, and that kindled in war.  
How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!  
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!  
"Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful night,  
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded hussar?"

3 "Thou shalt live," she replied, "Heaven's mercy relieving  
Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn,"  
"Ah no! the last pang in my bosom is heaving,  
No light of the morn shall to Henry return;  
Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true!  
Ye babes of my love, that await me afair—"  
His faltering tongue scarce could murmur "adieu."  
When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded hussar!

## CAPTAIN O'KAINE.

1 Row softly, thou stream, through the wile spangled valley;  
O, green be thy banks, ever bonnie and fair!  
Sing sweetly, ye birds, as ye wanton fu' gaily,  
Yet, strangers to sorrow, and strangers to care.  
The weary day lang,  
I list to your sang,  
And waste like moment, sad, cheeless, alane;  
Each sweet little treasure,  
O'heart-cheering pleasure,  
For fled frae my bosom wi' Captain O'Kaine.

2 Fu' aft on thy banks hae we pu'd the wild gowan,  
And twisted a ringlet beneath the hawthorn.  
Ah! then each fond moment wi' pleasure was glowing,  
Sweet days o' delight, which can never return!  
Now ever, wae's me!  
The tear fills mine ee!  
And sair is my heart wi' the rigour o' pain!  
Nae prospect returning  
To gladden life's morning,  
For green waves the will-w'j'er Captain O'Kaine.



48  
MONA MACHREE.

*Allegretto.*

1. The sad wind is wail-ing, A-round my lone dwell-ing, No kind star to cheer me, Looks  
2. They flat-ter and soothe me, To ban-ish my sad-ness: They strive in their kindness, My

*Rall.*

out from a - bove, Dark are the thoughts, In my fond bo - som swell - ing, Bit - ter the  
grief to re - move: How can my heart seek to share in their glad - ness, Part - ed from

*Colla voce.* *Colla Voce.*

*Rall.* *tr* *tr*

tears shed for one that I love, For one that I love, ah! me,  
him, I for - ev - er must love? For ev - er must love? ah! me,

*Colla voce.*

*tr*

ah! me. The mor-row, a - wakes but in sor - row: Com - forts de  
ah! me. The mor-row, &c.

## MONA MACHREE, Concluded.

part - ed, Gone, my true - hearted, Ah! woe is me, Quench'd is the light That bless'd

Colla voce.

Mo - na Ma - chree.

Ritard.

## THE BATTLE EVE.

1. To-mor-row, comrade, we On the bat-tle-plain must be, There to con-quer, or both lie low! The morning star is

up, But there's wine still in the cup, And we'll take a-noth-er quaff, ere we go, boy, go; We'll take anoth-er quaff, ere we go.

2. 'Tis true, in manliest eyes  
 A passing tear will rise,  
 When we think of the friends we leave lone;  
 But what can wailing do?  
 See, our goblet's weeping too!  
 With its tears we'll chase away our own, boy, our own;  
 With its tears we'll chase away our own.  
 But daylight's stealing on;  
 The last that o'er us shone  
 Saw our children around us play;  
 The next—ah! where shall we

And those rosy urchins be?  
 But—no matter—grasp thy sword and away, boy, away;  
 No matter—grasp thy sword and away.  
 4. Let those, who brook the chain  
 Of Saxon or of Dane,  
 Ignobly by their firesides stay;  
 One sigh to home be given,  
 One heartfelt prayer to heaven,  
 Then, for Erin and her cause, boy, hurrah! hurrah!  
 hurrah!  
 Then, for Erin and her cause, hurrah!



## WILLIAM REILY AND HIS COOLEEN BAWN.

1. Come, rise up, William Rei-ly, and come along with me, I mean to go with you and leave this coun-ter-  
2. Over lof-ty hills and mountains, along the lonesome dales, Thro' sha-dy groves and fountains, rich meadows and sweet

rie; I'll for-sake my father's dwelling, his houses and rich lands, And go a-long with you, love, my dear Coolen Bawn.  
vales, We climb'd the ragged woods, and rid o'er si-lent lawn, But I was o-ver-ta-ken with my dear Coolen Bawn.

3. They hurried me to prison, my hands and feet they bound,  
Confined me like a murderer, with chains unto the ground;  
But this hard, cruel treatment, most cheerfully I'll stand,  
Ten thousand deaths I'd suffer, for my dearest Coolen Bawn.
4. In came the jailor's son, and to Reily he did say,  
Rise up, unhappy Reily, you must appear to-day,  
Proud squire Faliard's anger and power to withstand,  
I fear you'll suffer sorely, for your dear Coolen Bawn.
5. This is the news, young Reily, last night I heard of thee;  
The lady's oath will hang you, or else will set you free,  
If that is true, said Reily, some hopes begin to dawn,  
For I never can be injured by my dear Coolen Bawn.
6. The lady she is sensible, and her tender youth,  
If Reily has deluded her, she will declare the truth;  
Then, like a spotless angel, before she did stand,  
You are welcome here, said Reily, my dear Coolen bawn.
7. Next spoke the noble Fox, who stood attentively by,  
Gentlemen of the Jury, for justice we reply,  
To hang a man for love, is foul murder, you may see,  
So save the life of Reily, and banish'd let him be.
8. Then spoke the lovely lady, with tears in her eyes,  
The fault is not sweet Reily's, on me alone it lies;  
I made him leave his home, sir, and go along with me,  
I love him to distraction, such is my destiny.
9. The noble lord replied, we may let the prisoner go,  
The lady hath quite clear'd him, the Jury well doth know,  
She hath releas'd young Reily, the bill must be withdrawn,  
Then set at large the lover of the fair Coolen Bawn.
10. But stop, my lord, he stole her bright jewels and nice rings,  
Gold watch, and diamond buckles, with many costly things;  
I gave them to my daughter,—they cost a thousand pounds,  
When Reily was first taken, those things with him were found.
11. She said, my lord, I gave them in token of true love,  
He never stole my jewels, I swear by all above,  
If you have got them, Reily, pray send them home to me;  
I will, my generous lady, with many thanks, said he.
12. There is a ring amongst them, I wish for you to wear,  
'Tis set with costly diamonds, and plated with my hair;  
As a token of true friendship, wear it on your right hand,  
Think of my broken heart, love, when in a foreign land.

## \*TEDDY O'NEALE.

1. I've come to the cab-in he danc'd his wild jigs in, As neat a mud pa-lace as ev-er was seen; And con-

## TEDDY O'NEALE. Concluded.

sid - 'ring it serv'd to keep poul - try and pigs in, I'm sure it was al - ways most el - e - gant clean. But

now all a - bout it seems lone - ly and drear - y, All sad and all si - lent, no pi - per, no reel; Not

e - ven the sun, thro' the casement, is cheery, Since I miss the dear, darling boy, Ted - dy O'Neale, Since I

*Cres.*

miss the dear, darling boy, Ted - dy O'Neale.

*f*

2. I dreamt but last night, Oh! bad luck to my dreaming,  
 I'd die if I thought 'twould come truly to pass,  
 But I dreamt, while the tears down my pillow was streaming,  
 That Teddy was courting another fair lass:  
 'O! didn't I wake with a weeping and wailing,  
 The grief of that thought was too deep to conceal;  
 My mother cried "Norah, child, what is your ailing?  
 And all I could utter was "Teddy O'Neale."

3. Shall I ever forget when the big ship was ready,  
 And the moment must come when my love must depart;  
 How I sobb'd like a spalpeen, "Good-bye to you Teddy,"  
 With drops on my cheek, and a stone at my heart,  
 He says 'tis to better his fortune he's roving,  
 But what would be gold to the joy I should feel,  
 If I saw him come back to me honest and loving,  
 Still poor, but my own darling Teddy O'Neale.



## THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

1. At ear - ly dawn I once had been Where Lene's\* blue waters flow, When summer bid the groves be green, The lamp of light to glow, As on by bow'r, and town, and tow'r, And wide-spread fields I stray, I met a maid in the greenwood shade, At the dawning of the day.

2. Her feet and beauteous head were bare,  
No mantle fair she wore,  
But down her waist fell golden hair  
That swept the tall grass o'er;  
With milking pail she sought the vale,  
And bright her charms display,  
Outshining far the morning star,  
At the dawning of the day.

3. Beside me sat that maid divine,  
Where grassy banks outspread—  
"Oh, let me call thee ever mine,  
Dear maid," I sportive said.  
"False man, for shame, why bring me blame?"  
She cried, and burst away—  
The sun's first light pursued her flight,  
At the dawning of the day!

\* Lene, Killarney.

This "dawning of the day," is a favorite refrain to Irish songs. I have heard such in some variety, and a "milking-pail" is always present in them. One of my earliest remembrances is hearing my nurse sing such a song, and the refrain throughout, of that song was wed to the milking-pail in this couplet,

"With her milking-pail all in her hand,  
At the dawning of the day.

The melody to which this song is sung is very sweet.

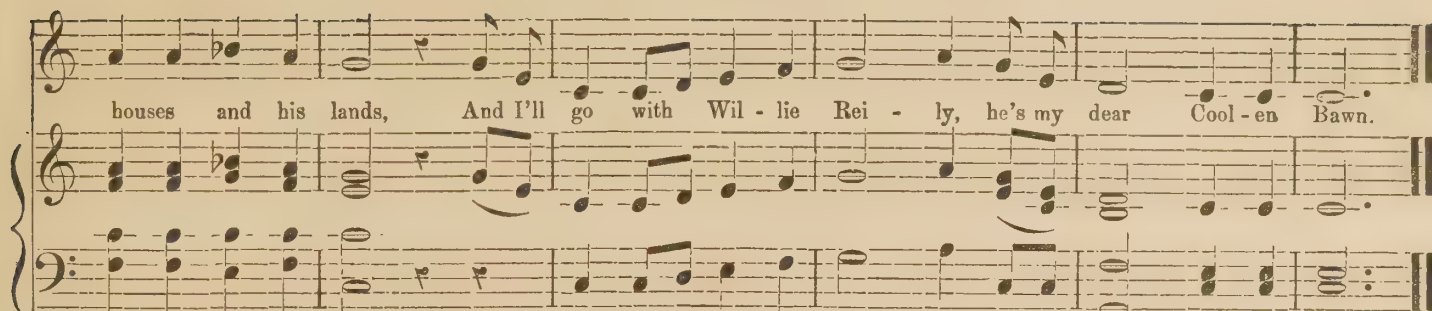
## WILLIE REILY, ANOTHER VERSION.

This old Ballad was very popular in this Country as well as in Ireland 40 years or more ago.

Furnished by M. J. MOONEY, ESQ.

1. Oh, rise up, Wil - lie Rei - ly, and come a - long with me, I mean for to go with you and leave this coün - te - rie; I'll leave my fa - ther's dwell - ing, his

## WILLIE REILY, Concluded.



2. Over lofty mountains, through silent groves and plains,  
Through shady groves and valleys, all dangers to refrain;  
His father followed after, with his well-armed band,  
And taken was poor Reily and his dear Coolen Bawn.
3. Home she was taken, and in her closet bound,  
Reily he was taken, and Sligo jail he found;  
All the toil and slavery I am willing now to stand,  
Still hoping to be saved by my dear Coolen Bawn.
4. When the lady was released, Reily had no bail,  
And for the said offence he was sent to Sligo jail,  
To stand the bar of justice, before the judge to stand,  
For nothing but the stealing of his dear Coolen Bawn.
5. Now I am in cold irons, my hands and feet are bound,  
I'm hand-cuff'd like a murderer, and tied unto the ground;  
All this toil and slavery, I am willing to withstand,  
In hopes of being saved by my dear Coolen Bawn.
6. This is the news, young Reily, this night I heard of thee;  
The lady's oath will hang you, or else will set you free;  
If that be so, said Reily, her pleasure I will stand,  
In hopes of being saved by my dear Coolen Bawn.
7. Up rose the jailor's son, and to Reily did say,  
Rise up, Willie Reily, you must appear this day,  
For great squire Falliard's anger and justice you must stand,  
I fear that you will suffer for your dear Coolen Bawn.
8. Gentlemen of the jury, with pity look on me,  
This inferior came among'st us, to disgrace my family;  
This grievous vexation I'm not willing to stand;  
I will have the life of Reily, or leave my native land.
9. Out spoke the noble Fox, at the table he stood by,  
Gentlemen of the Jury, look on this extremity;  
'To hang a man for love, is murder you may see,  
Let us spare the life of Reily, and so he leave this country,
10. The lady she is sensible, and in her tender youth,  
If Reily has deluded her, she must declare the truth;  
Like a moving beauty, before them she did stand,  
You're welcome there, my heart's delight my dear Coolen bawn
11. Out spoke this lair lady, while the tears fell from her eyes,  
The fault is none of Reily's, the blame all on me lies;  
I forced him to leave his place, and come along with me,  
I lov'd him out of measure, which proves my destiny.
12. Good my lord, he stole from her her jewels and her rings,  
Her watch, and silver buckles, and many precious things,  
Which did cost me in value, above two thousand pounds,  
I will have the life of Reily, or my estate laid down.
13. Good my lord, I gave them in token of true love,  
And now, when we are parting, I'll have them all removed,  
And as you have them, Reily, pray send them home to me;  
I will, my lovely lady, with many thanks, said he.
14. There is a ring among them, which I allow you to wear,  
With thirty locket diamonds, well set in silver fair;  
It is a token of true love, wear it on your right hand,  
That you may think of my broken heart, when in a foreign land.
15. Out spoke the noble Fox, you may let the prisoner go,  
The lady she has freed him, the Jury all may know,  
She hath releas'd her true love, and has renew'd his flame,  
That her honor great may gain estate, and always rise to fame.

## WILLIE REILY'S MARRIAGE TO HIS COOLEN BAWN.

1. You tender-hearted lovers, attend unto my theme,  
The hardships of Willie Reily I mean to explain,  
Who for stealing of an heiress a trial he did stand,  
And came very near being sent into a foreign land.
2. The daughter of Esquire Folliard this lady proved to be,  
Which caused Willie Reily this sad calamity,  
And makes him now in sorrow to weep and to wail,  
And loaded with cold irons, confined in Sligo jail.
3. Like to a malefactor, transported he must be;  
The lady cries my jewel, your face I ne'er shall see;  
Cruel, hard-hearted father! you are the only one  
That banished Willie Reily from his dear Coolen Bawn.
4. Her father in a rage, unto this lady said,  
For your underhand dealing you straight shall be conveyed  
Unto a lonesome chamber, where you'll repent this deed;  
Twelve months with bread and water, I mean you there to feed.
5. And then unto a chamber his daughter he did hie,  
And in coarse sheets and blankets, on straw there to lie,  
She cries, sweet Willie Reily, its for my sake alone,  
That you in grief and sorrow in Sligo jail do moan.
6. Three nights she in her chamber in grief and sorrow spent,  
And by her father's cruelty she in distraction went;  
She wrung her hands and tore her hair, crying, my dear,  
You're abused by my father, most vile, sharp, and severe.
7. Her father unto Bedlam did send this lady straight,  
Where she should have no comfort, early or late;  
But in her chains to rattle, to weep lament, and rave,  
And cry, sweet Willie Reily you will be sold a slave.
8. She cried, sweet Willie Reily, if I could but you see,  
I from my father's anger would soon set you free;  
I'd enfold you in my arms, from you never more to part,  
Though I do lie in Bedlam, young Reily has my heart.
9. Then there we'll leave this lady to sigh, weep and bewail,  
And turn unto young Reily, confined in Sligo jail;  
With twenty-seven criminals he is sent away,  
Handcuffed, expecting to be sent to Botany Bay.
10. Then unto Dublin they were sent, and all put into jail,  
Until the transport ship would be ready to sail,  
Poor Reily cries, Squire Folliard, cruel-hearted man,  
In Bedlam lies your daughter, my dear Coolen Bawn.
11. But fortune unto poor Reily happened to prove kind,  
As he lay confined a thought came in his mind;  
A petition to the castle he from the prison sent,  
Unto the lord-lieutenant whose heart it did relent.
12. The noble lord lieutenant did to that prison haste,  
And there young Willie Reily did speedily release;  
And with him unto Bedlam straightway went anon,  
Likewise released his jewel, his dear Coolen Bawn.
13. As soon as this lady her true love did beho'd,  
She in her snowy arms young Reily did enfold;  
Her Senses then did revive; they for a parson sent,  
To marry this young couple, to their joy and content.
14. License from the primate was brought immediately,  
And there young Willie Reily was wed to this lady;  
A noble feast was then prepared, which held eight days long,  
Success attend young Reily and his dear Coolen Bawn.
15. Soon as her father heard it, his heart it did relent,  
He cried, for my offence I sorely do repent;  
No mortal can hinder what heaven does decree,  
And then straight off to Dublin, he rode immediately.
16. Soon as he into Dublin to the young couple came,  
He said, my dearest children, I have been to blame;  
But now you shall live happy with me in Sligo town,  
And a portion I will give you of thirty thousand pounds.



## MY EMMET'S NO MORE.

*Con Express.*

1. Des-pair in her wild eye, a daughter of E-rin Ap-pear'd on the cliffs of the bleak rock-y shore ;

Loose in the wind flow'd her dark streaming ringlets, And heedless she gaz'd on the dread sur-ge's roar.

Loud rang her harp in wild tones de-spair-ing ; The time pass'd a-way with the present com-

- par-ing, And in soul-thril-ling strains deeper sor-row de-clar-ing, She sang E-rin's woes and her Emmet's no more.

2. O, Erin my country, your glory's departed ;  
 For tyrants and traitors have stabbed thy heart's core ;  
 Thy daughters have laved in the streams of affliction,  
 Thy patriots have fled, or lie stretch'd in their gore.  
 Ruthless ruffians now prowl thro' thy hamlets forsaken,  
 From pale hungry orphans their last morsel have taken ;  
 The screams of thy females no pity awaken ;  
 Alas ! my poor country, your Emmet's no more.

3. Brave was his spirit, yet mild as the Brahmin,  
 His heart bled in anguish the wrongs of the poor ;  
 To relieve their hard sufferings he brav'd every danger,  
 The vengeance of tyrants undauntedly bore.  
 E'en before him the proud titled villains in power  
 Were seen, though in ermine, in terror to cower :  
 But alas ! he is gone—he has fallen a young flower,  
 They have murder'd my Emmet, my Emmet's no more.

## SHULE AGRAH, OR JOHNNY HAS GONE FOR A SOLDIER.

Andante.

1. Oh John - ny dear has

gone a - way, He has gone a - cross to Bom - bay; Oh my heart is sad and wea - ry to - day, Since

John - ny has gone for a sol - dier. Shule, shule, shule, a - grah! Time can on - ly

ease my wo, Since the lad of my heart from me did go; Oh, John - ny has gone for a sol - dier.

2 Some say my love has gone to France,  
There his fortune to advance,  
And if I find him, its but a chance,  
Oh, Johnny has gone for a soldier.  
Shule, shule, &c.

3. I'll sell my flax, I'll sell my wheel,  
I'll buy my love a sword of steel,  
So in the battle he may reel,  
Oh, Johnny has gone for a soldier.  
Shule, shule, &c.

4. I wish I was on yonder hill,  
It's there I'd sit and cry my fill,  
So every tear may turn a mill,—  
Oh, Johnny has gone for a soldier.  
Shule, shule, &c.

5. I'll dye my dress, I'll dye it red,  
And through the streets I'll beg my bread,  
Oh, how I wish that I was dead,  
Since Johnny has gone for a soldier.  
Shule, &c.



## WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER.

Allegretto.

1. Will you come to the bow'r, I have sha - ded for you? Our bed shall be ro - ses, all  
 2. There un - der the bow - er on soft ro - ses you'll lie. With a blush on your cheek, but a

span - gled with dew. Will you, will you, will you, will you, Come to the bow'r? Will you, will you,  
 smile in your eye. Will you, will you, will you, will you, Smile my be - lov'd? Will you, will you,

will you, will you, Come to the bow'r.  
 will you, will you, Smile, my be - lov'd.

3. But the roses we press shall not rival your lip,  
 Nor the dew be so sweet as the kisses we'll sip.  
 Will you, will you, &c.  
 Kiss me, my love?

4. And, O, for the joys that are sweeter than dew  
 From languishing roses or kisses from you.  
 Will you, will you, &c.  
 Won't you, my love?

## THE IRISH WIFE.

Words by T. D. M'GEE.

Music by Miss MARY O'NEIL.

[In 1376 the statute of Kilkenny forbade the English settlers in Ireland to intermarry with the old Irish, under penalty of outlawry. James, Earl of Desmond, and Almaric, Baron Grace, were the first to violate this law. One married an O'Meagher; the other a M'Cormac. Earl Desmond, who was an accomplished poet, may have made a defence like the following for his marriage.]

Moderato.

1. I would not give my

## THE IRISH WIFE, Concluded.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

I - rish wife For all the dames of the Sax - on land, I would not give my I - rish wife For the

Queen of France's hand. For she to me is dear - - er Than cas - tles strong, or lands, or

life, An out - law, so I am near her To love till death my I - rish wife.

2. O, what would be this home of mine—  
 A ruined, hermit-haunted place,  
 But for the light that nightly shines  
 Upon its walls from Kathleen's face?  
 What comfort in a mine of gold—  
 What pleasure in a royal life,  
 If the heart within lay dead and cold,  
 If I could not wed my Irish wife?

3. I knew the law forbade the banns—  
 I knew my King abhorred her race—  
 Who never bent before their clans,  
 Must bow before their ladies' grace.  
 Take all my forfeited domain,  
 I cannot wage with kinsmen strife—  
 Take knightly gear and noble name,  
 And I wil keep my Irish wife.

4. My Irish wife has clear blue eyes,  
 My heaven by day, my stars by night—  
 And twinlike truth and fondness lie  
 Within her swelling bosom white.  
 My Irish wife has golden hair—  
 Apollo's harp had once such strings—  
 Apollo's self might pause to hear  
 Her bird-like carol when she sings.

5. I would not give my Irish wife  
 For all the dames of the Saxon land—  
 I would not give my Irish wife  
 For the Queen of France's hand.  
 For she to me is dearer  
 Than castles strong, or lands or life,—  
 In death I would lie near her,  
 And rise beside my Irish wife.



## KATE OF KENMARE.

1. O! ma - ny bright eyes full of goodness and gladness, Where the pure soul looks out, and the heart loves to shine, And many cheeks pale with the  
 soft hue of sad-ness, Have I worship'd in si - lence and felt them di - vine! But Hope in its gleamings, or love in its dreamings, Ne'er  
 fashion'd a be - ing so fault-less and fair As the li - ly-cheek'd, the rose of the Roughty,\* The fawn of the valley, sweet Kate of Kenmare!

2. It was all but a moment, her radiant existence,  
 Her presence, her absence, all crowded on me;  
 But time has not ages, and earth has not distance  
 To sever, sweet vision, my spirit from thee!  
 Again am I straying where children are playing—  
 Bright is the sunshine and balmy the air,  
 Mountains are heathy, and there do I see thee,  
 Sweet fawn of the valley, young Kate of Kenmare!

3. Thy own bright arbutus hath many a cluster  
 Of white waxen blossoms like lilies in air;  
 But, O! thy pale cheek hath a delicate lustre,  
 No blossoms can rival, no lily doth wear;  
 To that cheek softly flushing, to thy lip brightly blushing,  
 O! what are the berries that bright tree doth bear?  
 Peerless in beauty, that rose of the Roughty,  
 That fawn of the valley sweet Kate of Kenmare!

4. O! beauty, some spell from Nature thou bearest,  
 Some magic of tone or enchantment of eye,  
 That hearts that are hardest, from forms that are fairest,  
 Receive such impressions as never can die!  
 The foot of the fairy, though lightsome and airy,  
 Can stamp on the hard rock † the shape it doth wear,  
 Art cannot trace it, nor ages efface it—  
 And such are thy glances, sweet Kate of Kenmare!

5. To him who far travels, how sad is the feeling—  
 How the light of his mind is o'ershadowed and dim,  
 When the scenes he most loves, like the river's soft stealing,  
 All fade as a vision and vanish from him!  
 Yet he bears from each far land a flower for that garland,  
 That memory weaves of the bright and the fair;  
 While this sigh I am breathing my garland is wreathing,  
 And the rose of that garland is Kate of Kenmare!

6. In lonely Quinlan in summer's soft hours,  
 Fair islands are floating that move with the tide,  
 Which, sterile at first, are soon covered with flowers,  
 And thus o'er the bright waters fairy like glide! ‡  
 Thus the mind the most vacant is quickly awakened,  
 And the heart bears a harvest that late was so bare,  
 Of him who in roving finds objects in loving,  
 Like the fawn of the valley—sweet Kate of Kenmare!

7. Sweet Kate of Kenmare, though I ne'er may behold thee—  
 Though the pride and the joy of another you be—  
 Though strange lips may praise thee and strange arms enfold thee!  
 A blessing, dear Kate, be on them and on thee!  
 One feeling I cherish that never can perish—  
 One talisman proof to the dark wizard care—  
 The fervent and dutiful love of the Beautiful,  
 Of which thou art the type, gentle Kate of Kinmare

\* The river Roughty discharges itself at the head of the great river or bay of Kenmare.

† In the vicinity of Kenmare is a rock called *The Fairy Rock*, on which the marks of several feet deeply impressed; they are, of course, supposed to have been the work of fairies.

‡ Dr. Smith, in his *History of Terry*, says—"Near this place is a considerable fresh water lake, called Lough Quinlan, in which are some small floating islands much admired by the country people. These islands swim from side to side of the lake, and are usually composed at first of a long kind of grass, which being blown off the adjacent grounds about the middle of September, and floating about, collect slime and other stuff, and so yearly increase till they come to have grass and other vegetables grown upon them."

## OH! ERIN MY COUNTRY.

Andante.

1. Oh

E - rin, my coun - try, tho' stran-gers may roam, The hills and the val - lies I once call'd my home, Thy'

lakes and thy mountains no long - er I see, Yet warm - ly as ev - er my heart beats for thee. Oh'

Coush la Ma - chree, my heart beats for thee, E - rin, E - rin, my heart beats for thee.

2. Oh! years have pass'd o'er me since last time we met,  
 Yet liv'd I a thousand, I could not forget  
 The true heart that lov'd me, the bright eyes that shone  
 Like stars in the heaven of days that are gone.  
 Oh! Cough la Machree my heart beats for thee,  
 Erin! Erin! my heart beats for thee

3. Dear home of my youth! I may see thee no more,  
 But memory treasures the bright days of yore,  
 And my heart's latest wish, the last sigh of my breast,  
 Shall be given to thee, dearest land of the West.  
 Oh! Cough la Machree! my heart beats for thee,  
 Erin! Erin! lov'd Cough la Machree.



## THE EMERALD ISLE.

1. Of all na - tions un - der the sun, Dear E - rin does true - ly ex - cel, For friendship, for val - our, for

fun, 'Tis fam'd as the world can tell; The boys they are all hearty, the girls Sweet daughters of beauty they

prove, The lads they ne'er dread any per - ils, The las - ses are brim - ful of love. Then sing whack, for the Emer - ald

Isle! Where shil-le-lahs and shamrocks abound. May peace and prosper - i - ty smile O'er the land and its natives a - round.

2. Our forefathers that Saint Pat  
Drove venom away from our shore,  
The shamrock he bless'd, and for that,  
We steep it in whiskey galore;  
He told us while time should remain,  
Still happy would be the gay sod,  
And bloom in the mid'st of the main,  
By the footsteps of friendship still trod,  
Then sing whack, &c.

3. As for heroes, we have them in plenty,  
From the gallant old Brian Boru,  
In battles. faith upwards of twenty,  
He leathered the Danes black and blue.  
Invasion our sons could not sever,  
Like lions they fought on the strand,  
And may their descendants forever  
Protect their beautiful land.  
Then success to the, &c.

## AILEEN MAVOURNEEN.

1. He tells me he loves me, and can I believe, The heart he has won he can wish to deceive, For

ev - er and al - ways his fond words to me, Are Ail - een Mavourneen, a cush - la machree: Last night when we parted, his

gen - tle good bye, A thousand times said, and each time with a sigh, Each time with a sigh, And still the same words he

whisper'd to me, My Ai - leen mavourneen, My Ai - leen mavourneen a cush - la - machree. Ritard.

The friend of my childhood, the hope of my youth,  
Whose heart is all pure, and whose words are all truth,  
Yet still the same fond words he whispered to me,  
Were Aileen Mavourneen, a cush la machree.

Oh, when will the day come, the dear happy day,  
That a maiden may hear all a lover can say, all a lover can say,  
And he speaks out the words he has whispered to me,  
Were Aileen Mavourneen, were Aileen Mavourneen cush la machree



## SWEET KITTY NEIL.

Scherzando.

1. "Al, sweet Kit - ty Neil, rise up from that wheel, Your neat lit - tle foot will be weary from spinning; Come trip down with me to the

sy - ca - more tree, Half the par - ish is there, and the dance is be - gin - ning. The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon Shines

sweetly and cool on the dew-whiten'd valley! While all the air rings with the soft, loving things, Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

2. With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,  
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing;  
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues—  
So she could'nt but choose to go off to the dancing.  
And now on the green, the glad groups are seen—  
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;  
And Pat, without fail, leads our sweet Kitty Neil—  
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.
3. Now, Felix Magee put his pipes to his knee,  
And, with flourish so free, set each couple in motion;  
With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground—  
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.

- Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's,  
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing—  
Search the world all round, from the sky to the ground,  
No such sight can be found as an IRISH LASS DANCING!
4. Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue,  
Beaming humbly through their dark lashes so mildly,  
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form,  
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly?  
Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,  
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love;  
The sight leaves his eye, as he cries with a sigh,  
"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!"

## HURRAH FOR THE EMERALD ISLE.

1. Here's a health to the friends that are far, Here's a health to the friends that are near, Here's to those who rank first in the

## HURRAH FOR THE EMERALD ISLE, Concluded.

war Oh, the brave hearts that nev - er knew fear! Here's to him who for Freedom first

Cres. *f*

draws, And here's to the heart free from guile, The Pa - tri-ot friend to his Home and his laws, Who stands by his own native

Isle. Then hurrah for the Em - er - ald Isle! Then hurrah for the Em - erald Isle! Then hur-rah for the Em - er-ald

*f* *ff*

Isle! Hurrah for the Em - er - ald Isle! The Pa - tri-ot friend to his Home and his laws, Who stand by the Emerald Isle!

2.

And here's to the bosom's bright glow  
 When the banner of Liberty waves;  
 And here's may she conquer her foe  
 Ere the sons of her glory be slaves!  
 Then here's to the friends all around  
 The emblem of Erin's rich soul,  
 And oh! may they ever when wanting be found

To stand by their own native Isle.  
 Then burrah for the Emerald Isle!  
 Then hurrah for the Emerald Isle!  
 Then burrah for the Emerald Isle!  
 Hurrah for the Emerald Isle!  
 And oh! may they ever when wanting be found  
 To stand by the Emerald Isle!



## KATHLEEN AROON.

*Andante.*

1. Why should we part-ed be, Kath-leen A-roon! } Come to those gold-en skies:  
 When thy fond heart's with me, Kath-leen A-roon! }

*molto legato.* *Cres.*

Bright days for us may rise, Oh! dry those *poco rit.* tear-ful eyes, Kath-leen A-roon!  
*marcato.* *poco rit.* *p*

2. Why should we parted be, Kathleen Aroon!  
 When thy fond heart's with me, Kathleen Aroon!  
 Oh! leave these weeping skies, Where man a mart'r dies,  
 Come dry those tearful eyes, Kathleen Aroon!

• Aroon means "secret treasure of my heart."

## LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

Written by Lady Dufferine.

Music by Geo. Barker.

1. I'm sit-ting by the stile Ma-ry, where we sat side by side, On a bright May morn-ing long a-go, when

*p*

first you were my bride; The corn was springing fresh and green, and the lark sang loud and high, And the

*f* *p*

## LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT, Concluded

*Ritard.*

red was on your lip, Ma-ry, And the love light in your eye. The

*Slower.*

place is lit - tle chang'd, Ma-ry. the day is bright as then, The lark's loud song is in my ear, And the

*A tempo.*

corn is green a - gain; But I miss the soft clasp of your hand, And the breath warm on your cheek, And I

*With great force and Enthusiasm. Agitato.*

still keep list'ning to the words You nev - er more may speak, You nev - er more may speak.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The third system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The fourth system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *p*, *f*, *pp*, and *ff*. The tempo markings are *Ritard.*, *Slower.*, *A tempo.*, and *With great force and Enthusiasm. Agitato.*

2. I'm very lonely now, Mary,  
 For the poor make no new friends,  
 But, oh! they love the better still,  
 The few our Father sends!  
 And you were all I had, Mary,  
 My blessin' and my pride:  
 There's nothing left to care for now,  
 Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,  
 My Mary—kind and true!  
 But I'll not forget you, darling!  
 In the land I'm going to;  
 They say there's bread and work for all,  
 And the sun shines always there—  
 But I'll ne'er forget old Ireland,  
 Were it fifty times as fair.



## SAVOURNEEN DEELISH.

1. Oh! the mo - ment was sad when my love and I part - ed, Sa - vour - neen Deel - ish

Ei - leen Ogg, As I kiss'd off her tears, I was nigh bro - ken heart - ed, Sa - vour - neen Deel - ish

Ei - leen Ogg, Wan was her cheek which hung on my shoul - der, Damp was her hand, no

mar - ble was cold - er, I felt that a - gain I ne'er - more should behold her, Sa - vour - neen Deel - ish, Ei - leen Ogg.

2. Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true love,  
     Savourneen Deelish Eileen Ogg!  
 All my pay and my booty I boarded for you, love,  
     Savourneen Deelish Eileen Ogg!  
 Peace was proclaimed, escaped from the danger,  
 Landed at home, my sweet Girl soon I sought her;  
 But sorrow, alas! to the cold grave had brought her!  
     Savourneen Deelish Eileen Ogg!

## MARY OF TIPPERARY.

*Moderato Grazioso.*

1. From sweet Tipper-a-ry See light-hearted Ma-ry, Her step, like a fai-ry, scarce

ruffles the dew, As she joy-ous-ly springs, And as joy-ous-ly sings, Dis-dain-ing such things as a stocking or shoe; For

she goes bare-footed, Like Ve-nus, or Cupid, And who'd be so stu-pid to put her in silk, When her sweet foot and ancle The

dewdrops be-span-gle, As she trips o'er the lawn, At the blush of the dawn, As she trips o'er the lawn with her full pail of milk.

2.

For the dance when array'd,  
 See this bright mountain maid,  
 If her hair she would braid with young beauty's fond lure,  
 O'er some clear fountain stooping,  
 Her dark tresses looping,—  
 Diana herself ne'er had mirror more pure!  
 How lovely that toilet!

Would Fashion dare soil it  
 With paint, or with patches, when Nature bestows  
 A beauty more simple,  
 In mirth's artless dimples?  
 Heaven's light in her eye—  
 The soft blue of the sky—  
 Heaven's light in her eye, and a blush like the rose!



## THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

This ballad, which is of a homely cast, was intended as a rebuke to the saucy pride of a woman in humble life, who assumed airs of consequence from being the possessor of three cows. Its author's name is unknown; but its age can be determined, from the language, as belonging to the early part of the seventeenth century. That it was formerly very popular in Munster may be concluded from the fact, that the phrase, "Easy, oh woman of three cows," has become a saying in that province, on any occasion upon which it is desirable to lower the pretensions of a boastful or a consequential person.—*Translator's note.*

1. O Wo - man of Three Cows, a - gragh! don't let your tongue thus rat - tle! O don't be sau - cy,  
 don't be stiff, be - cause you may have cat - tle. I have seen, and, here's my hand to you, I  
 on - ly say what's true, A ma - ny a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser,  
 For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser;  
 And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows;  
 Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

See where Mononia's\* heroes lie, proud Owen More's descendants,  
 'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants!  
 If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,  
 Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows!

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning!  
 Mavrone! † for they were banished, with no hope of their returning—  
 Who knows in what abodes of woe those youths were driven to house?  
 Yet you can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows!

Think of Donnell of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted—  
 See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, unchaunted!  
 He sleeps the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—  
 Then ask yourself should you be proud? good Woman of Three Cows!

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrin'd in story,  
 Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory—  
 Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs,  
 And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three Cows!

'Th' O'Carrolls also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,  
 Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;  
 Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?  
 Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows!

Your neighbor's poor, and you it seems are big with vain ideas,  
 Because, inagh! ‡ you've got three cows—one more, I see than she has;  
 That tongue of yours wags more at times, than charity allows,  
 But, if you're strong, be merci ul, great Woman of Three Cows!

Now there you go! you still, of course keep up your scornful bearing;  
 And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,  
 If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,  
 I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows!

\* Munster.

† My grief.

‡ Forsooth.

# FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

Air—MOLL ROONE.

1. Fare - well ! but whenever you wel come the hour That a - wak - ens the night - song of mirth in your bow'r, Then

think of the friend, who once wel - com'd it too, And for - got his own griefs to be happy with you.

His griefs may re - turn, not a hope may re - main Of the few that have brighten'd his path . way of pain, But he

ne'er will for - get the short vis - ion, that threw Its en - chant - ment a - round him, while ling - 'ring with you.

2. And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up  
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup.  
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,  
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you this night;  
Shall join in your revels, your sports and your wiles,  
And return to me, beaming all over with your smiles!  
Too blest, if it tells me, that 'mid the gay cheer,  
Some kind voice had murmur'd 'I wish he were here!'

3. Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,  
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;  
Which come, in the night time of sorrow and care,  
And bring back the features that joy us'd to wear.  
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!  
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd,  
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.



## THE MINSTREL.

1. The min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His fa - ther's sword he has  
 2. The min - strel fell! but the foe - man's chain Could not bring his proud soul un - der; The harp he lov'd ne'er

girded on, And his wild harp slung he - hind him. *tr* "Land of Song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be -  
 spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a - sun - der; And said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee. Thou soul of love and  
*Tenderly.*

- - trays thee, One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee!"  
 bra - ve - ry! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in sla - ve - ry!"

## THE FAIRY TEMPTER.

1. A fair girl was sit - ting in a green - wood shade, List'ning to the

## THE FAIRY TEMPTER, Concluded.

mu - sic the spring birds made, When sweet - er by far than the birds on the tree, A

This system features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "mu - sic the spring birds made, When sweet - er by far than the birds on the tree, A".

3d. Ver: My Sis - ters are

voice mur - mur'd near her "Oh! come love with me,".... A voice mur - mur'd near her, "Oh!

This system continues the musical piece. It includes dynamic markings: "Cres." (Crescendo) and "p" (piano). The lyrics are: "voice mur - mur'd near her 'Oh! come love with me,'.... A voice mur - mur'd near her, 'Oh!'"

come love with me." In Earth or Air, A thing so fair, I have not seen as thee. Then come love,

This system continues the musical piece. It includes the dynamic marking "dim." (diminuendo). The lyrics are: "come love with me." In Earth or Air, A thing so fair, I have not seen as thee. Then come love,"

come love, come love with me..... come love, come love, come love with me.

This system concludes the musical piece. The lyrics are: "come love, come love with me..... come love, come love, come love with me."

2. With a star for my home in a palace of light,  
 Thou wilt add a fresh grace to the beauty of night;  
 Or, if wealth be thy wish, thine are treasures untold,  
 I will show thee the birth-place of Jewels and gold,  
 And pearly caves, beneath the waves,  
 All these, all these are thine,  
 If thou wilt be mine, love, if thou wilt be mine,  
 If thou wilt be mine, love, if thou wilt be mine.

3. Thus whisper'd a fairy to tempt a fair girl,  
 But vain was his offer of gold and of pearl;  
 For she said "tho' thy gifts to a poor girl be dear,  
 My Father, my Mother, my sisters are here,  
 Oh! what would be thy gifts to me  
 Of Earth, and Sea, and Air,  
 If my heart were not there, if my heart were not there,  
 If my heart were not there, if my heart were not there.



## WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

Air—THE FOX'S SLEEP.

1 \* When he who a - dores thee has  
2. With thee were the dreams of my

*f p f p f p f p*

left but the name Of his fault and his sor - row behind, O, say, wilt thou weep when they darken the fame Of a  
ear - li - est love, Every thought of my rea - son was thine : In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above, Thy

*tr*

life that for thee was resigned ? Yes, weep ! and howev - er my foes may condemn, Thy tears shall efface their de -  
name shall be mingled with mine ! O, bless'd are the lov - ers and friends who shall live The days of thy glo - ry to

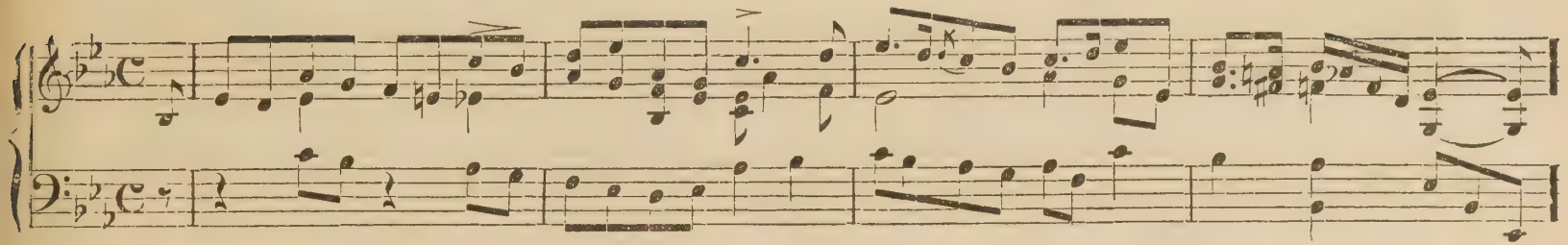
*espress. For.*

cree ; For Heaven can witness though guilt - y to them, I have been but too faith - ful to thee !  
see ; But the next dearest blessing that heav'n can give, Is the pride of thus dy - ing for thee !

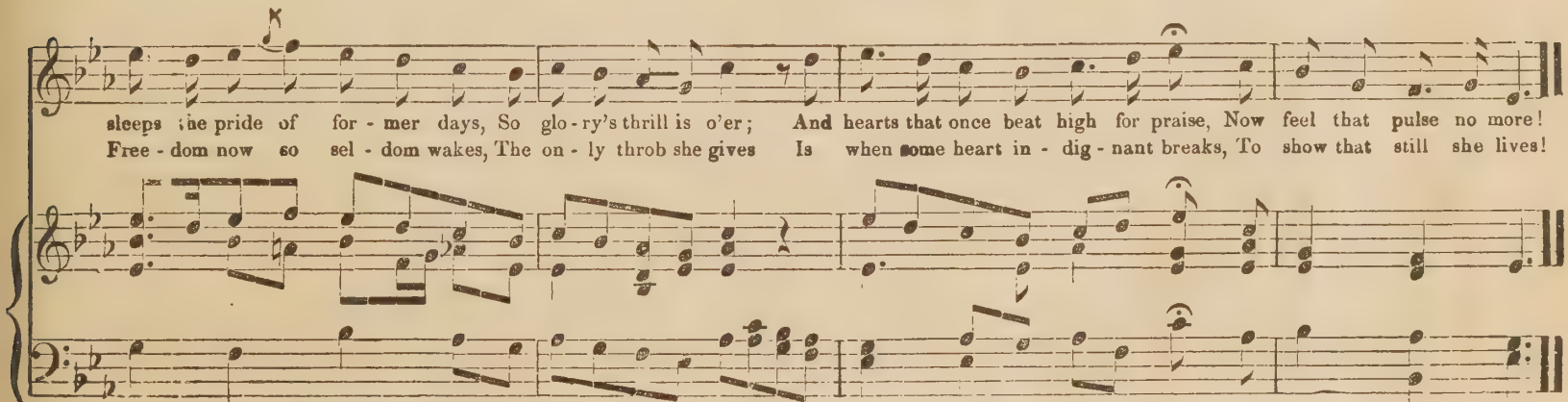
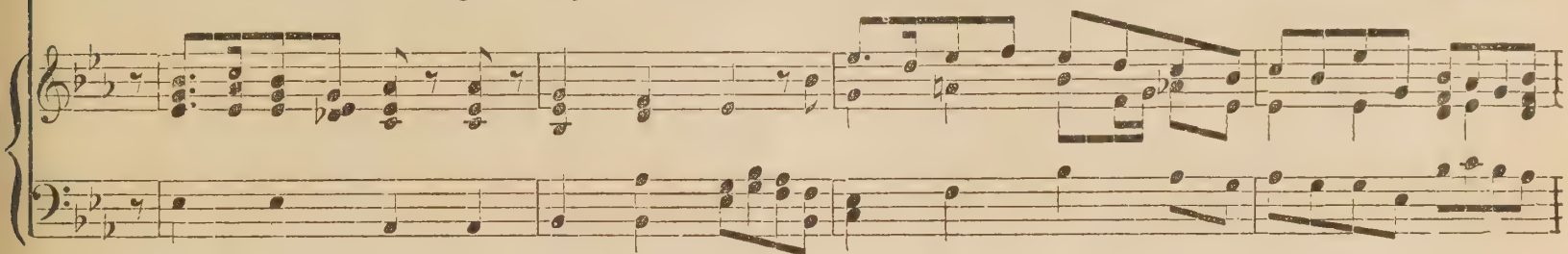
\* These words allude to a story in an old Irish manuscript, which is too long and too melancholy to be inserted here.

## THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THREE VERSIONS.—1st, English. 2d, Irish, Roman letters. 3d, Irish, Gaelic characters.



1. The Harp that once thro' Tara's halls, The soul of Mu-sic shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta-ra's walls As if that soul were fled: So  
2. No more to chiefs and ladies bright The harp of Ta-ra swells; The chord, a-lone, that breaks at night, Its tale of ru-in tells; Thus



sleeps the pride of for-mer days, So glo-ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more!  
Free-dom now so sel-dom wakes, The on-ly throb she gives Is when some heart in-dig-nant breaks, To show that still she lives!

## THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

Translated in Gaelic by the Most Rev. John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam.

Fonn—"Molly a Stóir."

I

An éirí, do fear éirí éallaidh 'n níl  
Na gaethe ceolta binn',  
Ta 'n ballaidh Teamhra 'noir 'n a luidhe  
San fearrad ceoil, no rinn:  
Mar rúd tá 'n t-am, chuaidh thart, faoi cheo,  
Ta éail, 'r a clu faoi shuan;  
A'r croidhe, 'fancuig molta teo,  
Ní airigheann iad go bean.

II.

Ní cluintar éirí na Teamhra treun  
Measg cruinníúghadh ban, no saoi,  
Oir, tuagrann f' bheith feachta, faon,  
Fuaim briste tend 'ra n-oidhe!  
Mar rúd do 'n t-saorsacht, 's anam trá  
A dúgthar f' go deo,  
Acht 'nuair a bristar croidhe 'g a chruinníúghadh,  
Ais foilíúghadh f' bheith beo.

An chruit, do scap thrí thallaidh 'n righ  
Na gaethe ceolta binn',  
Tá 'r bhallaidh Theamhra 'nois 'nn a luidhe  
Gan fearsad ceoil, no rinn:  
Mar rúd tá 'n t-am, chuaidh thart, faoi cheo,  
Tá éail, 's a chlu faoi shuan;  
A's croidhe, 'shantuigh molta teo,  
Ní airigheann iad go bean.

II.

Ní cluintar cruit na Teamhra treun  
Measg cruinníúghadh ban, no saoi,  
Oir, tuagrann f' bheith feachta, faon,  
Fuaim briste tend 'ta n-oidhe!  
Mar rúd do 'n t-saorsacht, 's anam trá  
A dúgthar f' go deo,  
Acht 'nuair a bristar croidhe 'g a chruinníúghadh,  
Ais foilíúghadh f' bheith beo.



## FLY NOT YET.

Air - PLANNY KELLY.

1. Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour When pleasure, like the midnight flower, That scorns the eye of vulgar light, Be-

gins to bloom for sons of night, And maids who love the moon! 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade That

beau - ty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at - tractions glowing, Set the tides and gob - lets flowing;

O, stay.—O, stay.—Joy so seldom weaves a chain like this to-night, that O, 'tis pain To break its links so soon.

2 Fly not yet; the fount that p'ayed  
In times of old, through Ammon's shade,\*  
Though icy cold by day it ran,  
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began  
To burn when night was near;  
And thus should women's hearts and looks  
At noon be cold as winter brooks,

Nor kindle till the night, returning,  
Brings their genial hour for burning.  
O, stay,—O, stay,—  
When did morning ever break,  
And find such beaming eyes awake.  
As those that sparkle here!  
O, stay, &c.

\* Solis Fons, near the Temple of Ammon.

## O, THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS LIGHT.

1 O, think not my spirits are always as light And as  
d. c But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile; May we

free from a pang as they seem to you now; Nor ex - pect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night Will re-  
nev - er meet worse in our pilgrim - age here Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile, And the

FINE.

turn with to-morrow to brighten my brow: No, life is a waste of wearisome hours, Which seldom the rose of en-  
smile that compassion can turn to a tear!

D. C.

joyment adorns; And the heart that is soonest a - wake to the flowers Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!

2 The thread of our life would be dark. Heaven knows,  
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined;  
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,  
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind!  
But they who have loved the fondest, the purest,  
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed;

And the heart that has slumbered in friendship securest,  
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceived  
But send round the bowl, while a relic of truth  
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,  
That the sunshine of Love may illumine our youth,  
And the moonlight of Friendship console our decline!



## THO' THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

Air, COULIN.

1. Though the last glimpse of E - rin with  
 sor - row I see,..... Yet wher - ev - er thou art shall seem E - rin to  
 me ! In ex - ile thy bo - som shall still be my  
 home, And thine eyes... make my cli - mate wher - ev - er we roam.

2 To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,  
 Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,  
 I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind  
 Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind :—

3 And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,  
 And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes ;  
 Nor dread that the cold hearted Saxon will tear  
 One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.\*

\* In the 28th year of the reign of Henry VIII., an Act was made whereby all Irish persons were restrained from being shaven above the ears, or from wearing Coulines, (long locks,) on their heads, or hair on the upper lip, called Crommeal. On this occasion a song was written, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear Coulin, (or the youth with flowing locks,) to all strangers, (by which the English were meant,) or those who wore their habits. Of this song the Air alone has reached us, and is universally admired — Walker's Memoirs of Irish Bards

## AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS.

Air—THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM.

1. As a beam o'er the face of the wa - ters may glow, While the tide runs in dark - ness and

cold - ness be - low, So the cheek may be tinged with a warm, sun - ny smile, Though the

cold heart to..... ru - - - in runs cold - ly the while.

*f* *ff* *pp* *p*

2.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws  
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,  
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,  
For which Joy has no balm, and Affliction no sting.

3.

O, this thought in the midst of enjoyment wil' stay,  
Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;  
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain—  
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

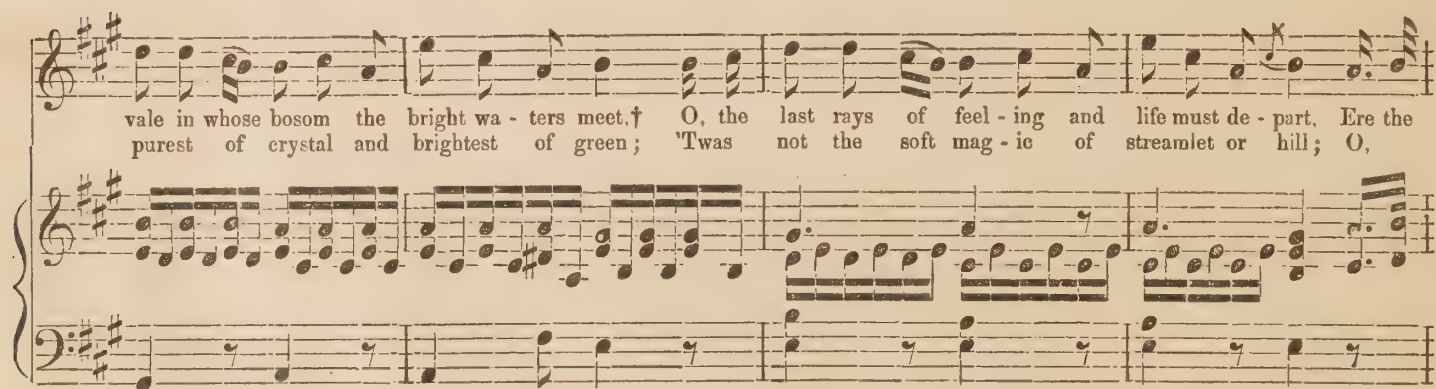
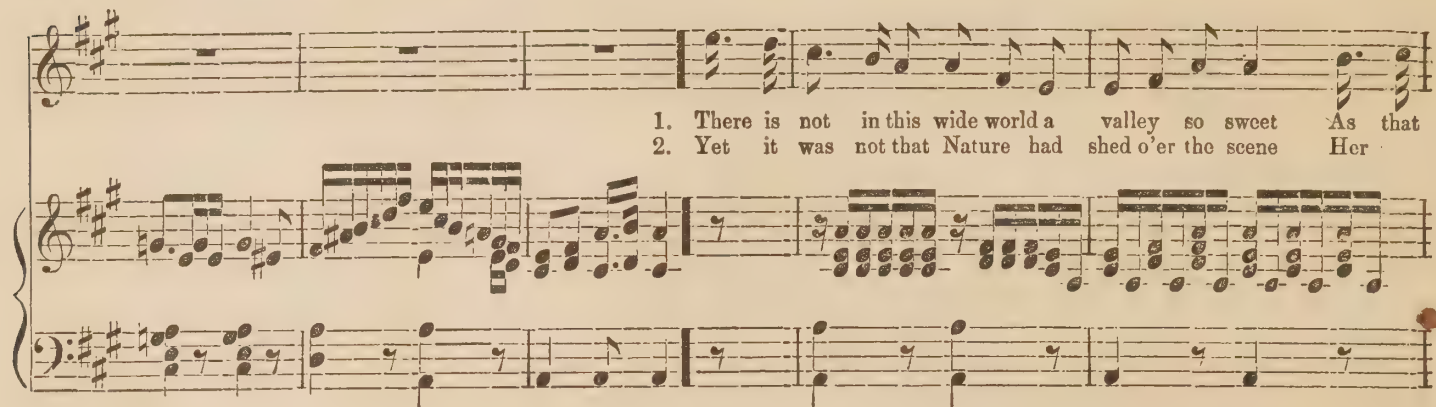


## THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.\*

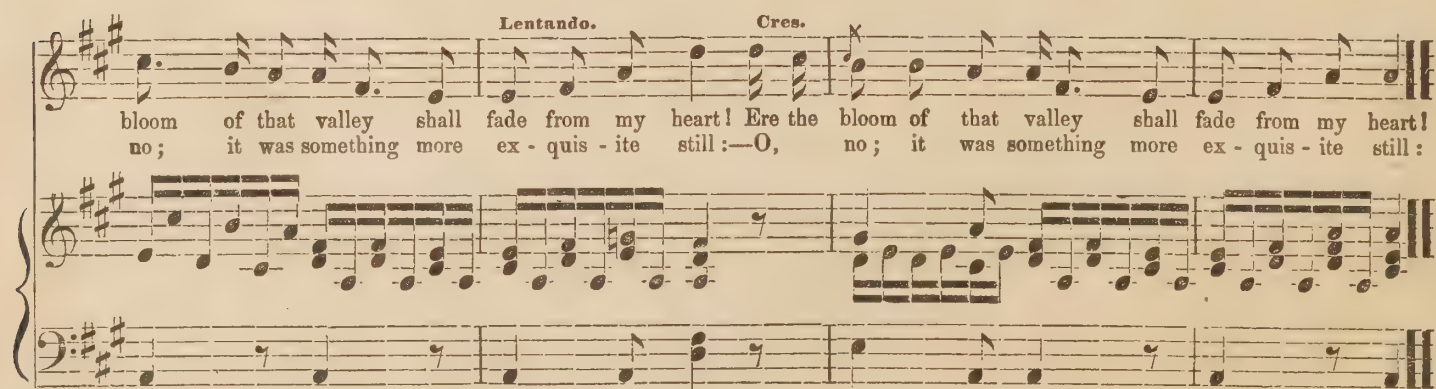
Air—THE OLD HEAD OF DENNIS.



1. There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet As that  
 2. Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene Her



vale in whose bosom the bright wa - ters meet.† O, the last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part, Ere the  
 purest of crystal and brightest of green; 'Twas not the soft mag - ic of streamlet or hill; O,



bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart! Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!  
 no; it was something more ex - quis - ite still :—O, no; it was something more ex - quis - ite still :

3.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom were near,  
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear;  
 And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve  
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

4.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest  
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best, [cease,  
 Where the storms which we feel in this cold world would  
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

\* "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow;  
 and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1807.

† The rivers Avon and Avoca.

## HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

Air—THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

1. How dear to me the hour when  
2. And as I watch the line of

The first system of the musical score is in 3/4 time. It features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand. The lyrics are: '1. How dear to me the hour when' and '2. And as I watch the line of'.

day - light dies, And sun-beams melt a - long the si - lent sea, For then sweet dreams of oth - er  
light that plays, A - long the smooth wave, tow' rds the burn - ing west, I long to tread that gold - en

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand. The lyrics are: 'day - light dies, And sun-beams melt a - long the si - lent sea, For then sweet dreams of oth - er' and 'light that plays, A - long the smooth wave, tow' rds the burn - ing west, I long to tread that gold - en'.

*Lento.*  
days a - rise, And memory breathes her ves - per sigh to thee. For then sweet dreams of oth - er  
path of rays, And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest, I long to tread that gold - en

The third system is marked 'Lento.' It continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand. The lyrics are: 'days a - rise, And memory breathes her ves - per sigh to thee. For then sweet dreams of oth - er' and 'path of rays, And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest, I long to tread that gold - en'.

days a - rise, And memory breathes her ves - per sigh to thee.  
path of rays, And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

The fourth system concludes the piece. It features the final melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand. The lyrics are: 'days a - rise, And memory breathes her ves - per sigh to thee.' and 'path of rays, And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.'



## WHEN IN DEATH I SHALL CALM RECLINE.

THE LEGACY.

1. When in death I shall  
2. When the light of my

calm re - cline, O, bear my heart to my mis - tress dear ; Tell her it lived up - on smiles and wine Of the  
song is o'er, Then take my harp to your an - cient hall ; Hang it up at that friendly door, Where

brightest hue, while it lingered here ; Bid her not shed one tear of sor - row, To sully a heart so  
wea - ry trav - el - lers love to call.\* Then if some bard, who roams for - sak - en, Re - vive its soft note in

brilliant and light ; But balm - y drops of the red grape bor - row, To bathe the rel - ic from morn till night.  
passing along, O, let one thought of its Mas - ter wak - en Your warm - est smile for the child of song.

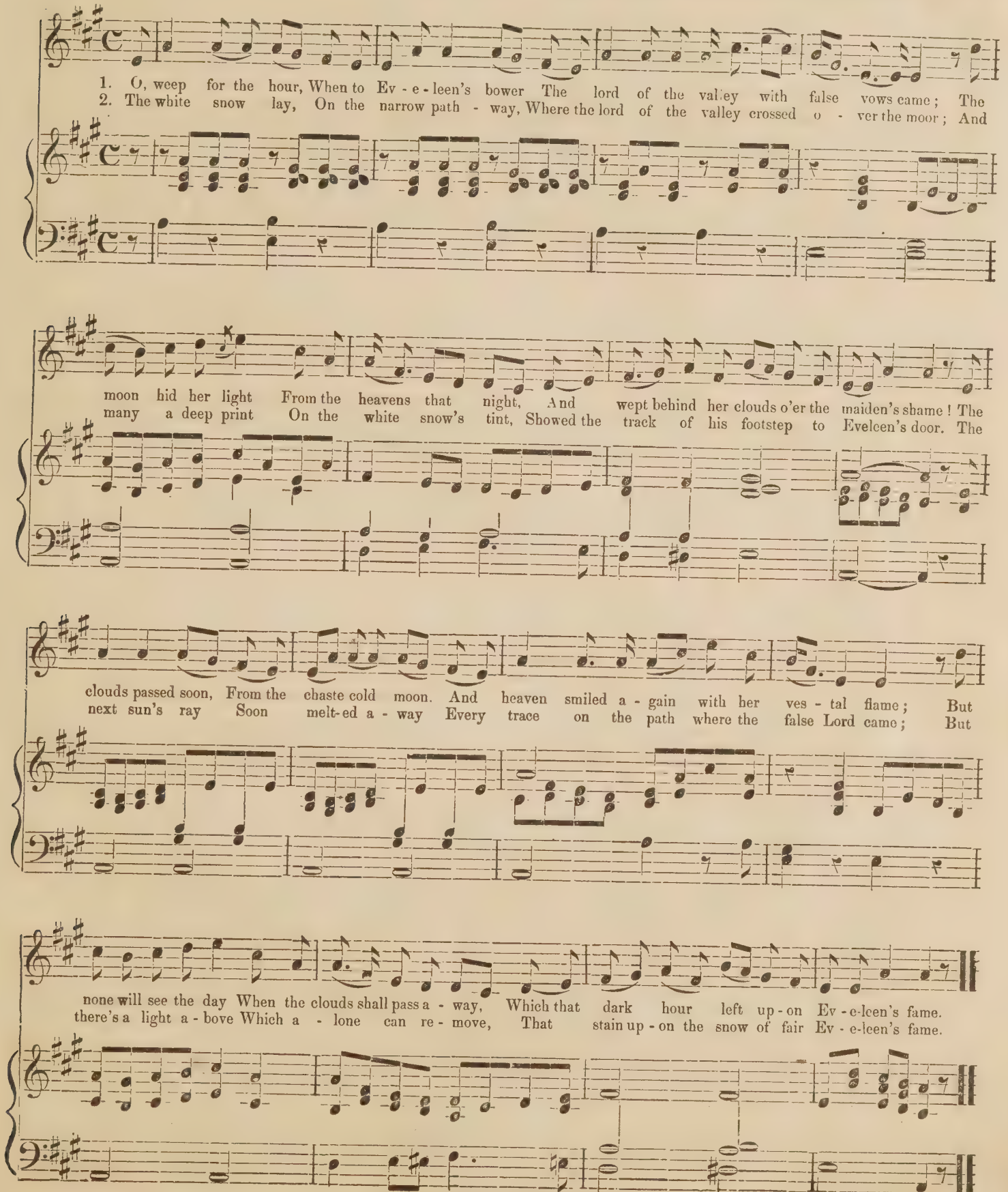
3 Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,  
To grace your revel when I'm at rest ;  
Never, O, never its balm bestowing  
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest.

But when some warm devoted lover,  
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,  
O, then my spirit around shall hover,  
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

\* In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed, the more they excelled in music.—O'HALLORAN.

## EVELEEN'S BOWER.

This Air is pronounced to be Irish by those who are best acquainted with national melodies. It is generally known by the name of "The pretty Girl of Derby, O."



1. O, weep for the hour, When to Ev - e - leen's bower The lord of the valley with false vows came; The  
 2. The white snow lay, On the narrow path - way, Where the lord of the valley crossed o - ver the moor; And

moon hid her light From the heavens that night, And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame! The  
 many a deep print On the white snow's tint, Showed the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door. The

clouds passed soon, From the chaste cold moon. And heaven smiled a - gain with her ves - tal flame; But  
 next sun's ray Soon melt-ed a - way Every trace on the path where the false Lord came; But

none will see the day When the clouds shall pass a - way, Which that dark hour left up - on Ev - e - leen's fame.  
 there's a light a - bove Which a - lone can re - move, That stain up - on the snow of fair Ev - e - leen's fame.



## LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

Air—THE RED FOX.

1. Let E - rin re - member the days of old, Ere her faith - less sons betrayed her ; When Mal - a - chi wore the

collar of gold,\* Which he won from the proud in - vad - er ; When her kings, with standards of green unfurled. Led the

Red Branch knights† to danger, 'Ere the emerald gem of the west-ern world Was set in the crown of a stran - ger.

2 On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,  
When the clear cold eve's declining,  
He sees the round towers of other days,  
In the wave beneath him shining;

Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,  
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over ;  
Thus sighing, look through the waves of time  
For the long faded glories they cover.‡

\* This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."—WARNER'S HISTORY OF IRELAND.

† Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland ; long before the birth of Christ we find an hereditary order of Chivalry in Ulster, called "Curaidhe na Craibhe ruadh," or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster Kings, called "Teagh na Craibhe ruadh," or the Academy of the Red Branch ; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called "Bronbhearg," or the house of the Sorrowful Soldier."

‡ It was an old tradition in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water.

## SILENT, O MOYLE, BE THE ROAR.

SONG OF FIONNUALA.\*

1. Si - lent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water; Break not, ye breezes, your  
2. Sad - ly, O Moyle, to thy win - ter wave weeping, late bids me languish long

chain of repose, While mur - muring mourn - ful - ly Lir's lone - ly daughter, Tells to the night star her  
a - ges away; Yet still in her dark - ness doth E - rin lie sleeping. Still doth the pure light its

tale of woes, When shall the swan, her death - note singing, Sleep, with wings in darkne-s furl'd,  
dawning de-lay. When will that day - star, mild - ly springing, Warn our Isle with peace and love?

When shall heaven, its sweet bell ringing, Call my spir - it from this stormy - world.  
When shall heaven, its sweet bell ringing, Call my spir - it to the fields a - bove.

\* Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was by some supernatural power transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander for many hundred years over certain lakes and rivers, in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release. I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.



## COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

Ah - WE BROUGHT THE SUMMER WITH US, or "Huggamur Fere on Sambhrulin."

1 Come, send round the wine, and leave points of be - lief To  
 2. Shall I ask the brave sol - dier, who fights by my side, In the

simple - ton sa - ges and reas'ning fools; This moment's a flower too fair and brief To be withered and stained by the  
 cause of mankind, if our creeds a-gree? Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried. If he kneel not be - fore the same

*Scherzando.*

dust of the schools. Your glass may be pur - ple, and mine may be blue. But while they're both filled from the  
 al - tar with me? From the her - e - tie girl of my soul shall I fly, To seek somewhere else a more

same bright bowl, The fool that would quarrel for difference of hue, Deserves not the comfort they shed on the soul.  
 orthodox kiss? No! per - ish the hearts and the laws that try Truth, valor, and love, by a standard like this.

# SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

Air—THE BLACK JOKE.

1. Sublime was the warning which Lib - er - ty spoke, And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke In - to  
 2. If the fame of our fathers bequeathed with their rights, Give to country its charm, and to home its delights; If de-

life and re - venge from the Conquer - or's chain! O, Lib - er - ty! let not this  
 ceit be a wound and sus - pic - ion a stain; Then ye men of I - be - ria! our

spirit have rest, Till it moves, like a breeze o'er the waves of the west; Give the light of your look to each  
 cause is the same! And O, may his tomb want a tear and a name, Who would ask for a nobler, a

sorrow - ing spot, Nor O, be the Shamrock of E - rin for - got, While you add to your garlands the Olive of Spain.  
 ho - li - er death, Than to turn his last sigh in - to vic - to - ry's breath. For the Shamrock of E - rin and Olive of Spain.

3 Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers resigned  
 The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find  
 That repose which at home they had sighed for in vain,—  
 Join, join in our hope that the flame, which you light  
 May be felt yet in Erin, as calm, and as bright;  
 And forgive even Albion, while blushing she draws  
 Like a truant, her sword in the long-sighted cause  
 Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain.

4 God prosper the cause!—O it cannot but thrive,  
 While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,  
 Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain;  
 Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!  
 The finger of Glory shall point where they lie:  
 While far from the footstep of coward or slave,  
 The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave  
 Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain.



## THE HEART THAT HAS TRULY LOVED.

Air—MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.

1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms Which I gaze on so fond - ly to - day. Were to  
 2. It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks unpro - faned by a tear That the

change by to - morrow, and fleet in my arms, Like fai - ry gifts fa - ding a - way. Thou wouldst still be adored, as this  
 fervor and faith of a soul can be known. To which time will but make thee more dear! No, the heart that has tru - ly loved

moment thou art, Let thy loveli - ness fade as it will, And a - round the dear ru - in each wish of my heart Would en -  
 never forgets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close, As the sun - flower turns on her god when he sets, The same

twine it - self verdant - ly still.  
 look which she turned when he rose.

## AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

Air—MOLLY, MY DEAR.

Slow.

1. At the mid hour of  
2. Then I sing the wild

night, when stars are weeping, I fly To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye.  
song, which once 'twas rapture to hear, When our voi - ces both mingling breathed like one on the ear;

And I think that if spir - its can steal from the re - gions of air, To re - vis - it, past scenes of de-  
And, as ech - o far off through the vale my sad or - i - son rolls, I think, O my love, 'tis thy

light, thou wilt come to me there. And tell me our love is re - membered ev'n in the sky.  
voice from the kingdom of souls,\* Faintly answer - ing still the notes that once were so dear.

\* "There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields; and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."



## WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

Air—OONAGE.

1. While gaz - ing on the moon's light, A moment from her smile I turn'd, To look at orbs, that, more bright, In  
2. The day had sunk in dim showers But midnight now, with lus - tre meek, Il - lumined all the pale flowers, Like

lone and dis - tant glo - ry burn'd. But, too far Each proud star, For me to feel its warming flame—Much  
hope, that lights a mourner's cheek. I said (while The moon's smile Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss,) "The

more dear That mild sphere, Which near our plan - et smiling came; \* Thus Ma - ry dear! be thou my own; While  
moon looks On many brooks, The brook can see no moon but this; † And thus, I thought, our fortunes run, For

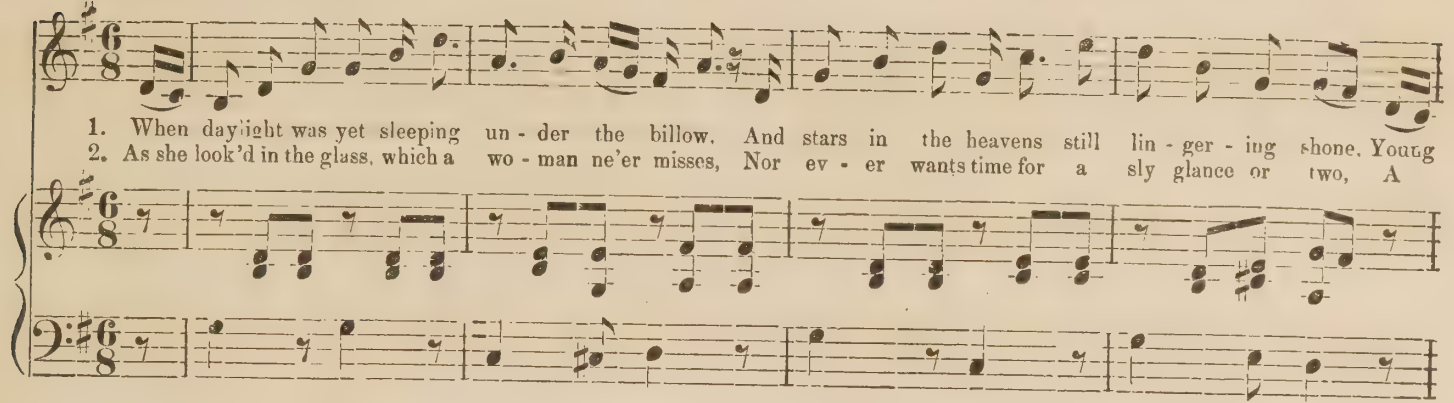
brighter eyes un - heed - ed play, I'll love those moonlight looks a - lone, Which bless my home and guide my way.  
many a lov - er looks to thee, While O, I feel there is but one, One Ma - ry in the world for me.

\* "Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together."—WHISTON'S THEORY.

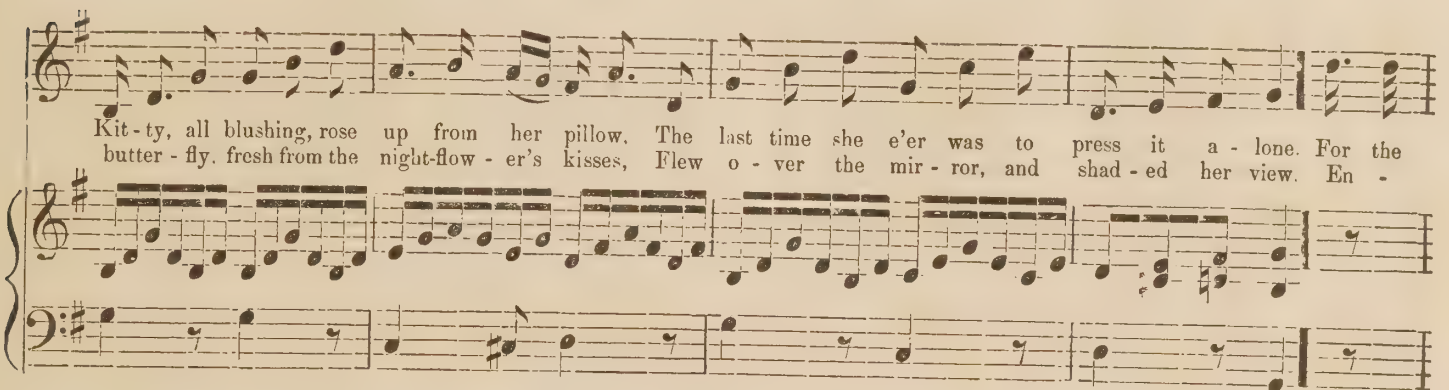
† This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works: "The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon."

# WHEN DAYLIGHT WAS YET SLEEPING.

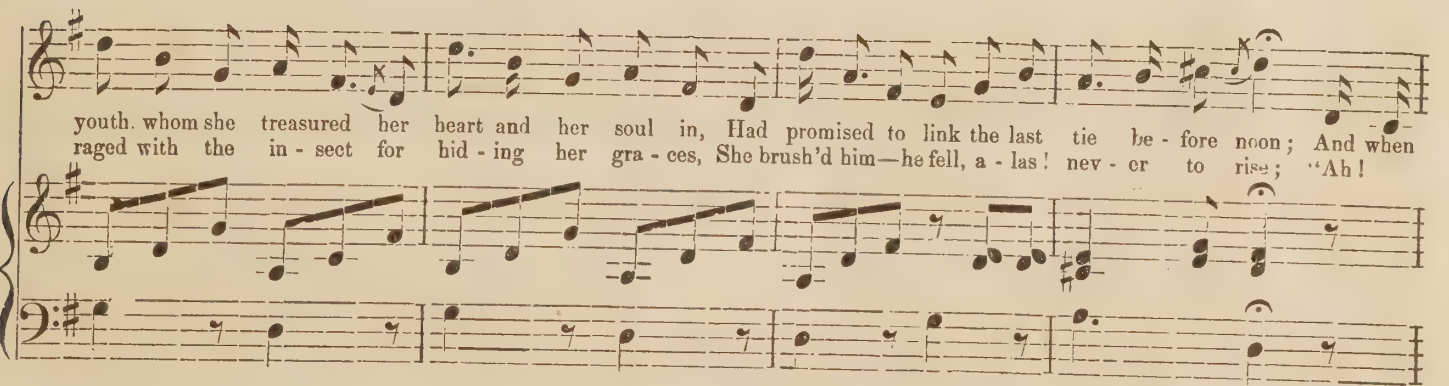
Air—KITTY OF COLERAINE.



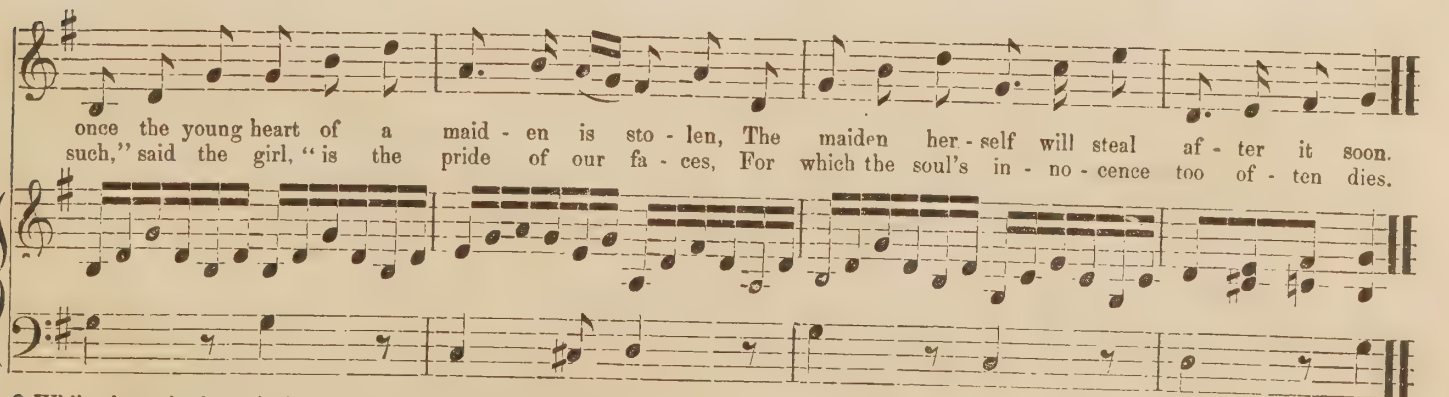
1. When daylight was yet sleeping un - der the billow, And stars in the heavens still lin - ger - ing shone. Young  
2. As she look'd in the glass, which a wo - man ne'er misses, Nor ev - er wants time for a sly glance or two, A



Kit - ty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow, The last time she e'er was to press it a - lone. For the  
butter - fly, fresh from the night-flow - er's kisses, Flew o - ver the mir - ror, and shad - ed her view. En -



youth, whom she treasured her heart and her soul in, Had promised to link the last tie be - fore noon; And when  
raged with the in - sect for hid - ing her gra - ces, She brush'd him—he fell, a - las! nev - er to rise; "Ah!



once the young heart of a maid - en is sto - len, The maiden her - self will steal af - ter it soon.  
such," said the girl, "is the pride of our fa - ces, For which the soul's in - no - cence too of - ten dies.

3 While she stole through the garden, where heart's ease was growing,  
She culled some, and kissed off its night-fallen dew;  
And a rose, further on, looked so tempting and glowing,  
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too;

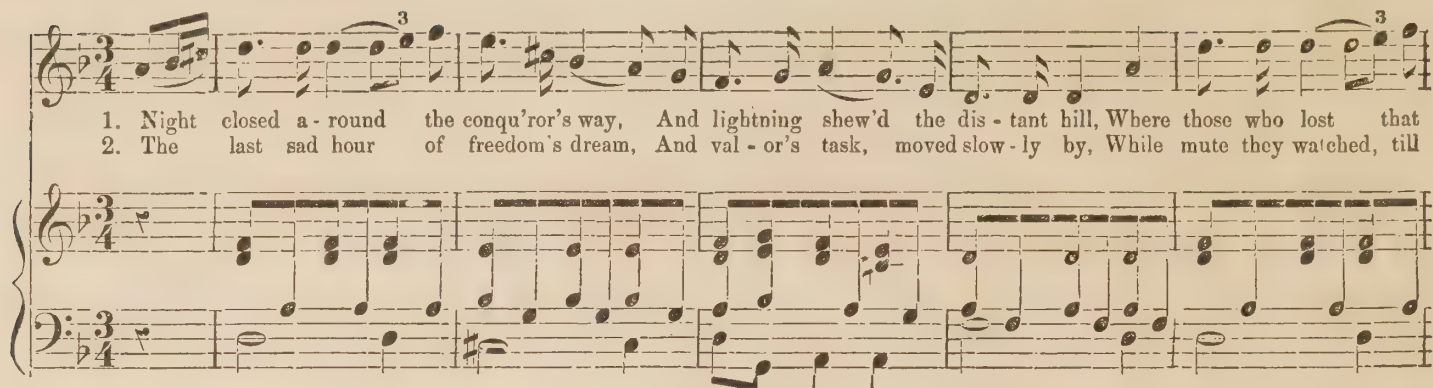
But, while o'er the roses too, carelessly leaning,  
Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost—  
"Ah! this means," said the girl, (and she sighed at its meaning,)  
"That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost."



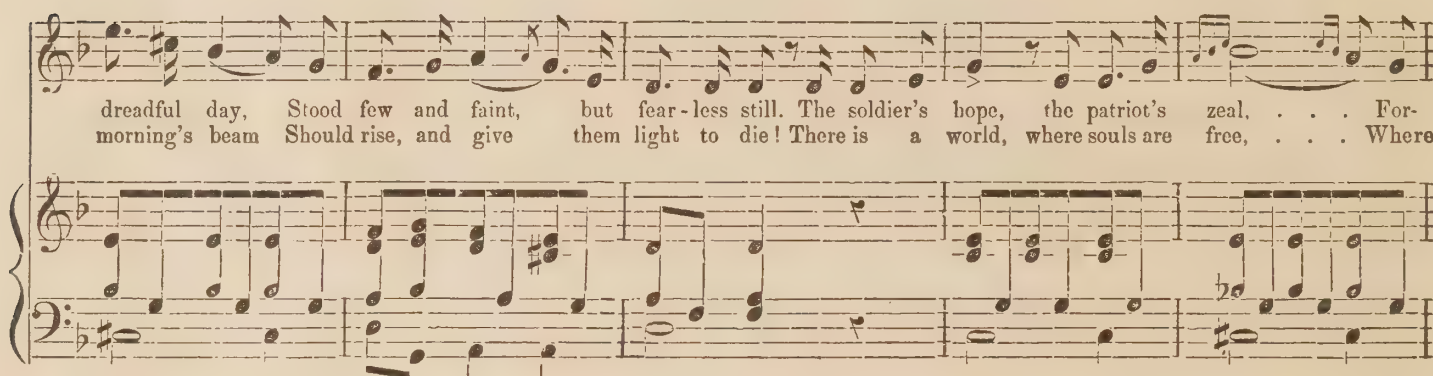
## NIGHT CLOSED AROUND.

Air—TRY FAIR BOSOM.

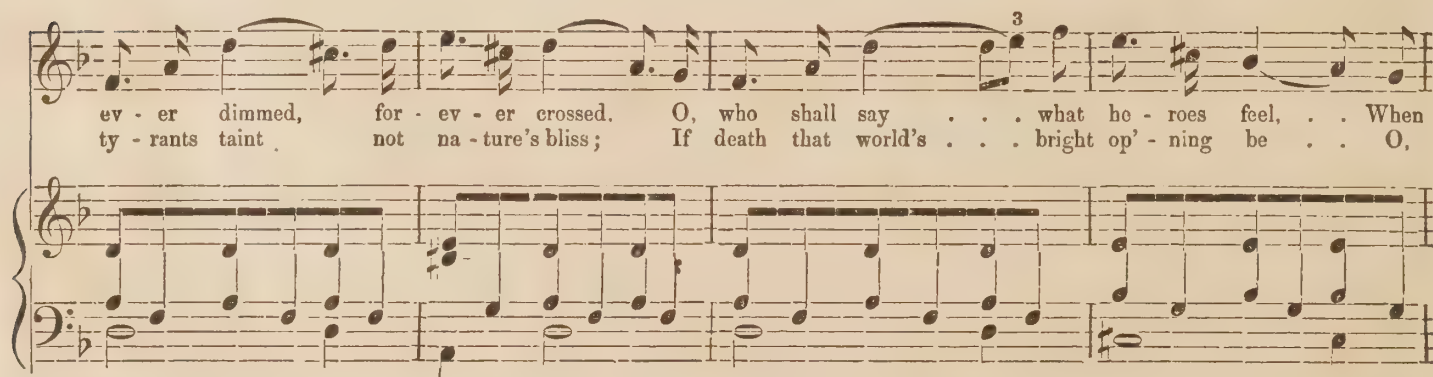
AFTER THE BATTLE.



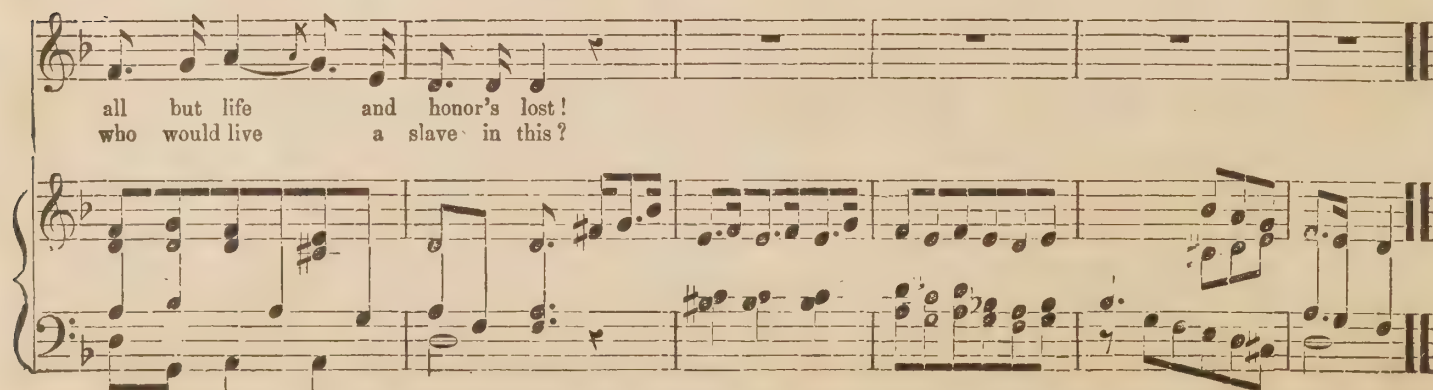
1. Night closed a-round the conqueror's way, And lightning shew'd the dis-tant hill, Where those who lost that  
2. The last sad hour of freedom's dream, And val-or's task, moved slow-ly by, While mute they watched, till



dreadful day, Stood few and faint, but fear-less still. The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal, . . . For-  
morning's beam Should rise, and give them light to die! There is a world, where souls are free, . . . Where



ev-er dimmed, for-ev-er crossed. O, who shall say . . . what he-roes feel, . . . When  
ty-rants taint not na-ture's bliss; If death that world's . . . bright op'-ning be . . . O,



all but life and honor's lost!  
who would live a slave in this?

## O, 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

Air—THADY, YOU GANDER.

1. O, 'tis sweet to think, that, wher-  
d. c. Then O, what pleasure, wher-

e'er we rove, We are sure to find something bliss-ful and dear; And that, when we're far from the lips we love, We have  
e'er we rove, To be doom'd to find something still that is dear, And to know, when far from the lips we love, We have

FINE.

but to make love to the lips we are near.\* The heart, like a tendril, ac - customed to cling. Let it grow where it will, cannot  
but to make love to the lips we are near.

D. C. §

flourish a-lone, But will lean to the nearest and love-li-est thing. It can twine with it-self, and make closely its own.

2 'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,  
To make light of the rest, if the rose is not there;  
And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,  
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.  
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike;  
They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too:

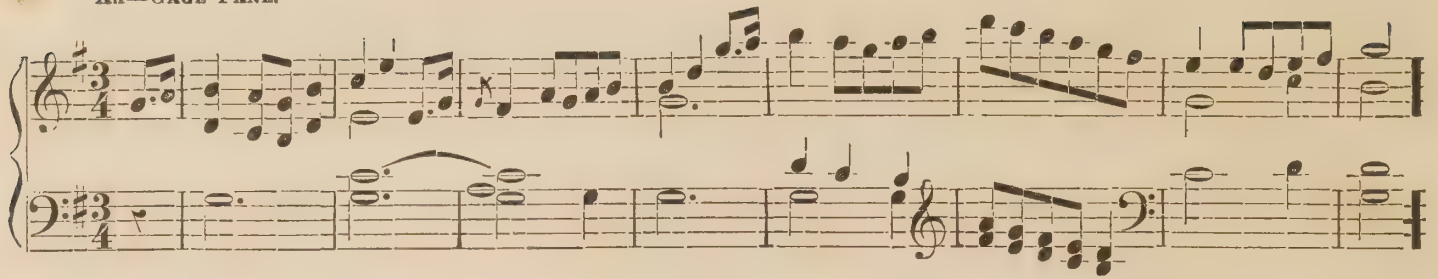
And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,  
It will tincture love's plume with a different hue!  
Then oh, what pleasure, where'er we rove,  
To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear;  
And to know, when far from the lips we love,  
We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

\* I believe it is Marmontel, who says "Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a." There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such jeux d'esprit as this defence of inconstancy to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them, that Democritus was not the worse physiologist for having playfully contended that snow was black; nor Erasmus in any degree the less wise, for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.



## THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

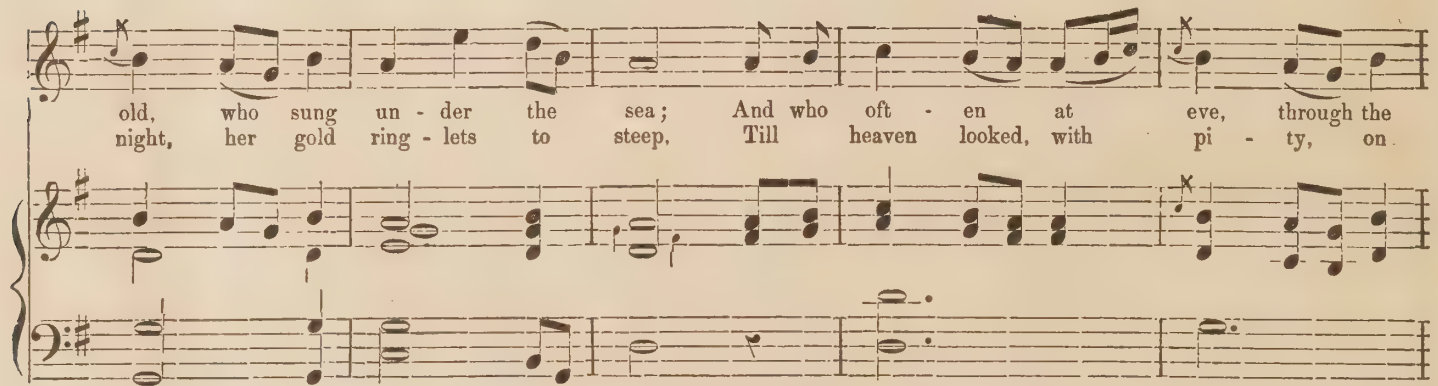
Air—GAGE FANE.



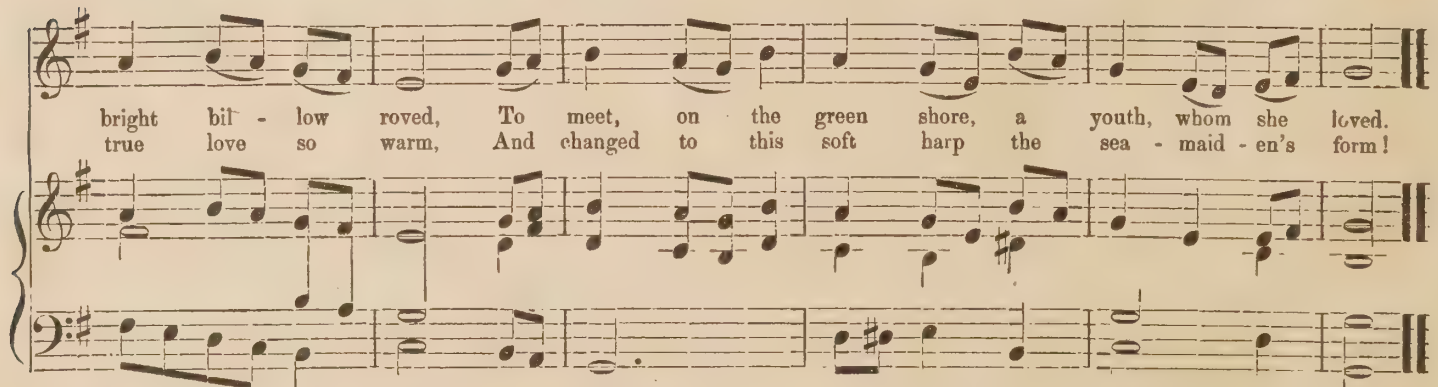
1. 'Tis believed that this Harp, which I new wake for thee, Was a Sy - ren, of  
 2. But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep, And in tears, all of the



old, who sung un - der the sea; And who oft - en at eve, through the  
 night, her gold ring - lets to steep, Till heaven looked, with pi - ty, on.



bright bil - low roved, To meet, on the green shore, a youth, whom she loved.  
 true love so warm, And changed to this soft harp the sea - maid - en's form!



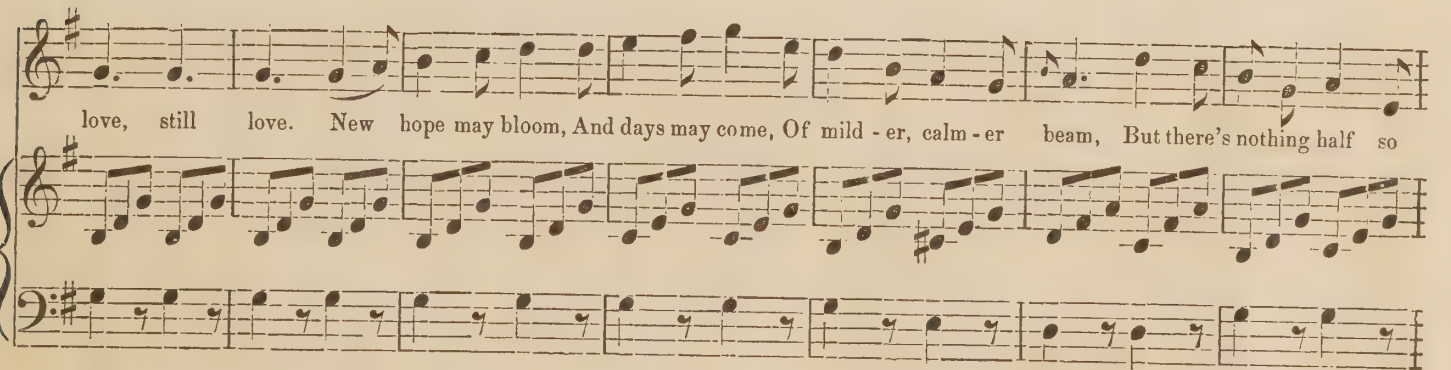
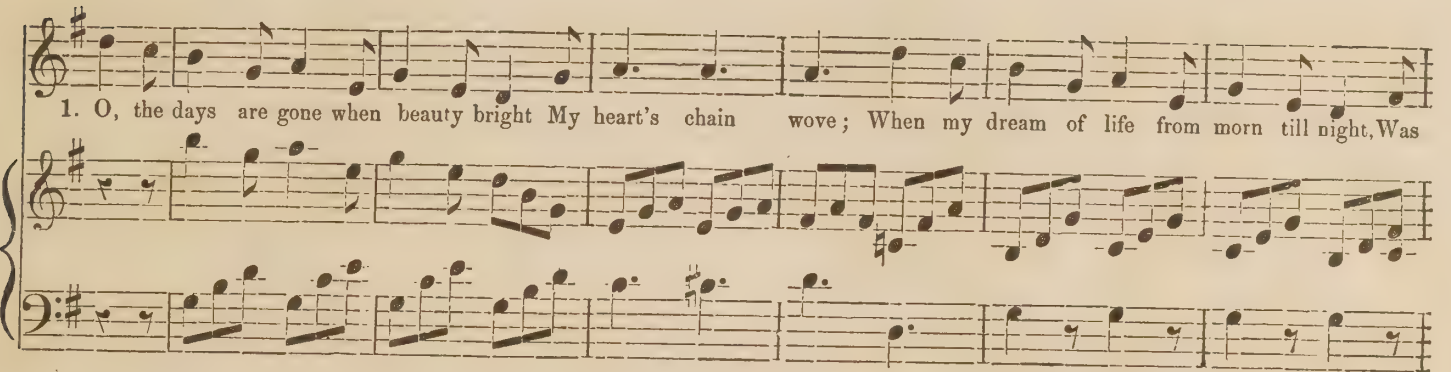
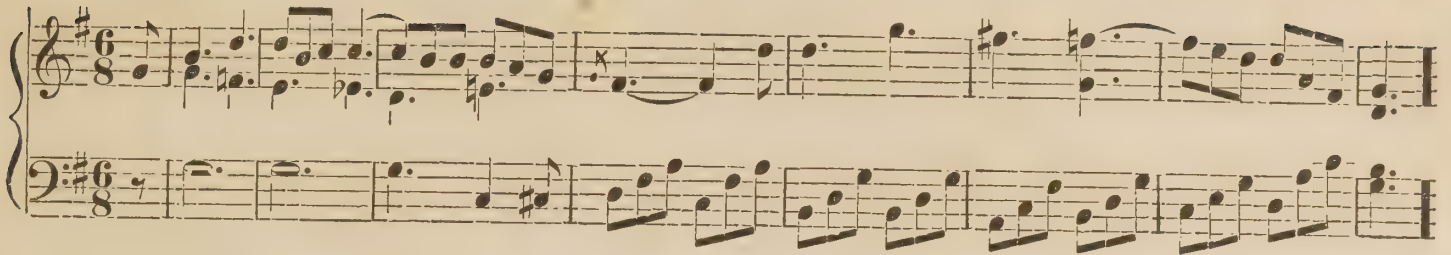
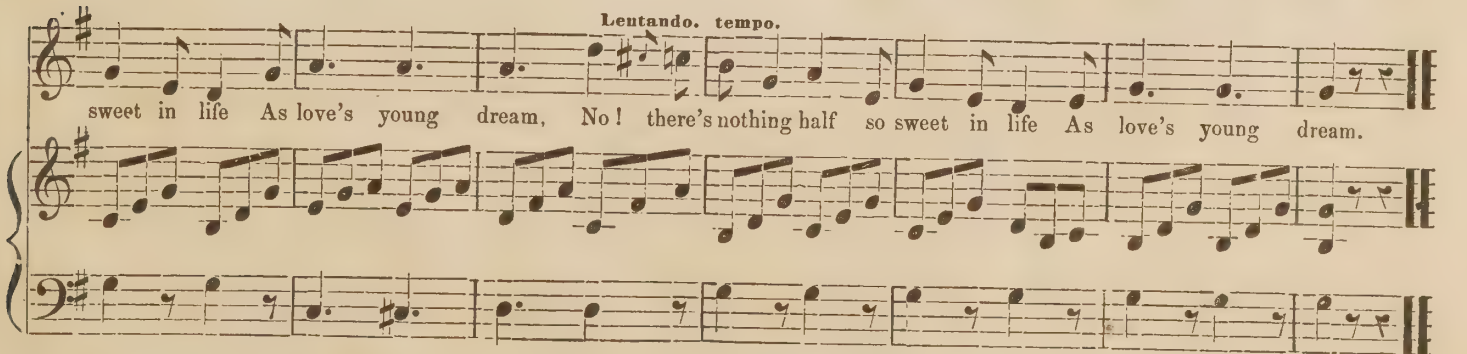
3 Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheek smiled the same—  
 While her sea-beauties gracefully curled round the frame;  
 And her hair, shedding tear drops from all its bright rings  
 Fell over her white arm, to make the gold strings: \*

4 Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known  
 Still to mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;  
 Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay,  
 To be love, when I'm near thee, and grief, when away!

\* This thought was suggested by an ingenious design, prefixed to an ode upon St. Cecilia, published some years since, by Hudson, of Dublin.

## LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Air—THE OLD WOMAN.

*Lento. tempo.*

2 Though the bard to purer fame may soar  
 When wild youth's past;  
 Though he win the wise, who frowned before,  
 To smile at last;  
 He'll never meet a joy so sweet,  
 In all his noon of fame,  
 As when first he sang to woman's ear  
 His soul-felt flame;  
 And, at every close, she blushed to hear  
 The one loved name.

3 No! that hallowed form is ne'er forgot,  
 Which first love traced;  
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot  
 On memory's waste.  
 'Twas odor fled, as soon as shed;  
 'Twas morning's winged dream:  
 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again  
 On life's dull stream.  
 O, 'twas light which ne'er can shine again  
 On life's dull stream.



## WEEP ON.

AIR—THE SONG OF SORROW.

1. Weep on, weep on, your hour is past; Your dreams of pride are o'er; The  
 2. Weep on! per - haps, in af - ter days, They'll learn to love your name; And

fa - tal chain is round you cast, And you are men no more! In vain the he - ro's  
 many a deed may wake in praise, That long hath slept in blame! And, when they tread the

heart hath bled, The sage's tongue hath warned in vain; O, free - dom! once thy flame hath fled, It  
 ru - ined Isle, Where rest, at length, the lord and slaye, They'll wond'ring ask, how hands so vile, Could

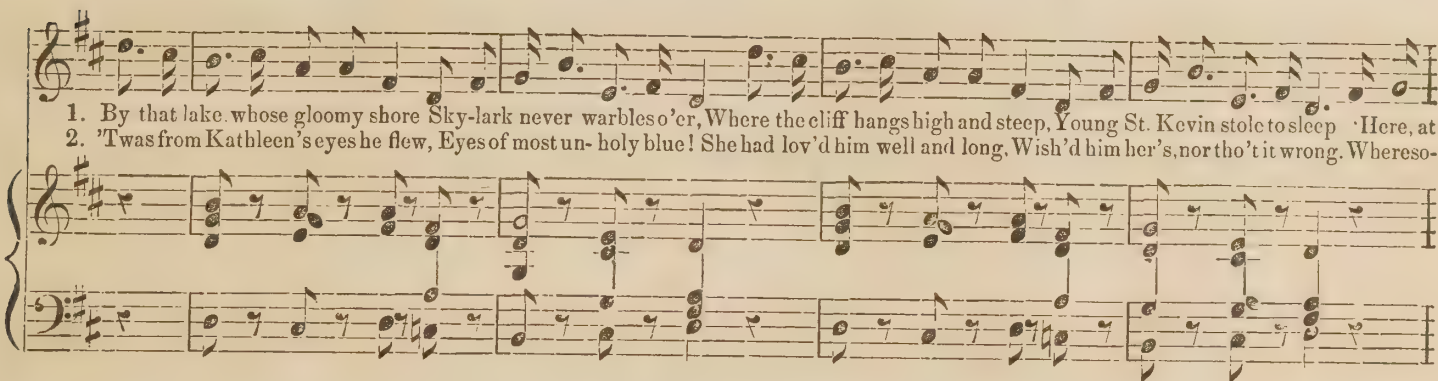
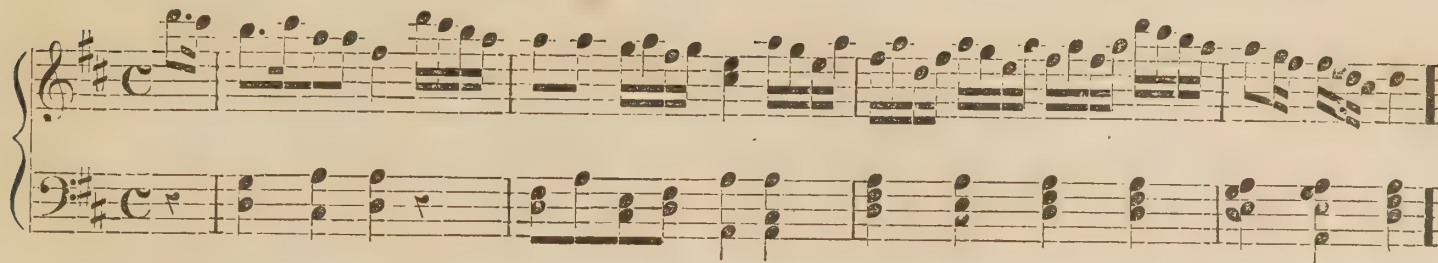
nev - er lights a - gain.  
 con - quer hearts so brave.

3 " 'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate,  
 Your web of discord wove;  
 And while your tyrants joined in hate,  
 You never joined in love.

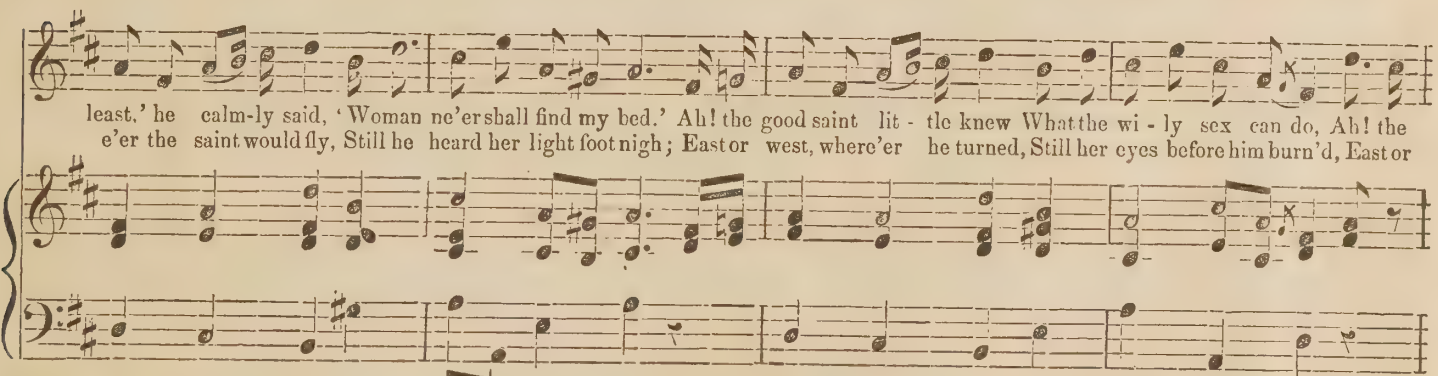
But hearts fell off that ought to twine,  
 And men profaned what God had given,  
 Till some were heard to curse the shrine,  
 While others knelt to Heaven."

## BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.\*

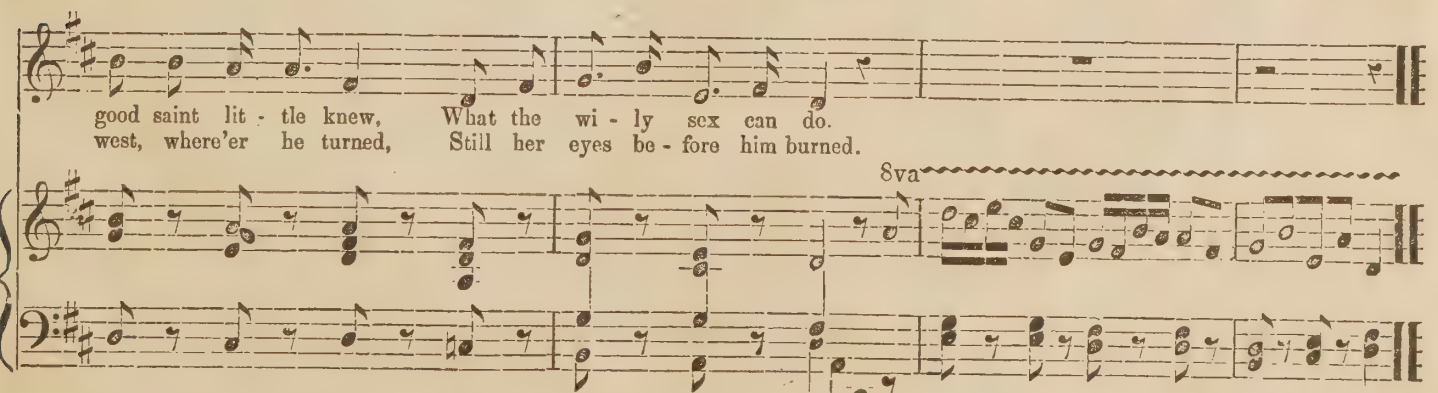
Air—THE BROWN IRISH GIRL.



1. By that lake, whose gloomy shore Sky-lark never warbles o'er, Where the cliff hangs high and steep, Young St. Kevin stole to sleep Here, at  
2. 'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew, Eyes of most un-holy blue! She had lov'd him well and long, Wish'd him her's, nor tho't it wrong, Whereso-



least,' he calm-ly said, 'Woman ne'er shall find my bed.' Ah! the good saint lit - tle knew What the wi - ly sex can do, Ah! the  
e'er the saint would fly, Still he heard her light foot nigh; East or west, where'er he turned, Still her eyes before him burn'd, East or



good saint lit - tle knew, What the wi - ly sex can do.  
west, where'er he turned, Still her eyes be - fore him burned.

3 On the bold cliff's bosom cast,  
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;  
Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er  
Woman's smile can haunt him there.  
But nor earth or heaven is free  
From her power, if fond she be:  
Even now, while calm he sleeps,  
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

4 Fearless she had track'd his feet  
To this rocky, wild retreat;  
And when morning met his view,  
Her mild glances met it too.  
Ah! your saints have cruel hearts!  
Sternly from his bed he starts,  
And with rude, repulsive shock,  
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

5 Glendalough, thy gloomy wave  
Soon was gentle Kath'een's grave!  
Soon the saint (yet, ah! too late,)  
Felt her love, and mourned her fate.  
When he said, "Heaven rest her soul,"  
Round the lake light music stole;  
And her ghost was seen to glide,  
Smiling o'er the fatal tide.

\* This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.



## O, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.\*

Air—THE BROWN MAID.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *pp*, *f*, *p*. Ornament: *tr*. Expression: *espress.*

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *Cres.*, *f*, *Dim.*

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Tempo: *a tempo.*

1. O. breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade, Where cold and un-hon-ored his rel-ics are laid.  
 2. But the night-dew that falls, though in si-lence it weeps, Shall bright-en with ver-dure the grave where he sleeps;

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves.

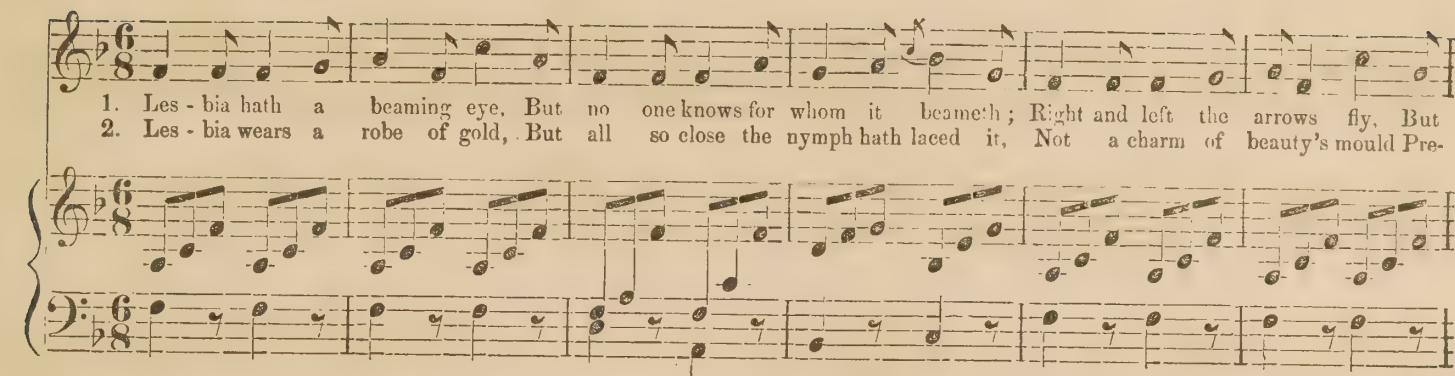
Sad, si-lent and dark be the tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.  
 And the tear that we shed, though in se-cret it rolls, Shall long keep his mem-o-ry green in our souls.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *pp*.

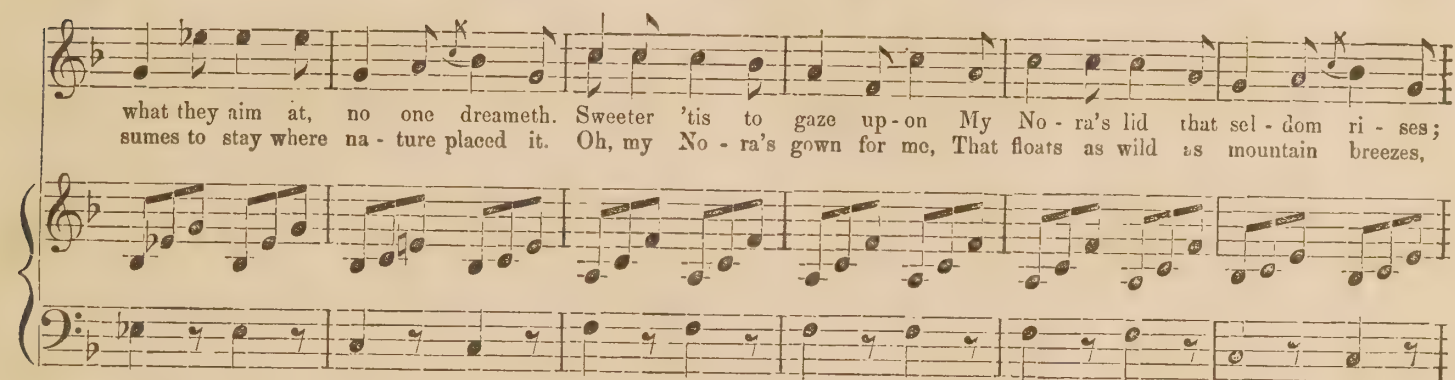
\* This song was suggested by the well known preface, in Robert Emmet's dying speech—"Let no man write my epitaph; let my tomb remain uninscribed, till other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my memory."

# LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

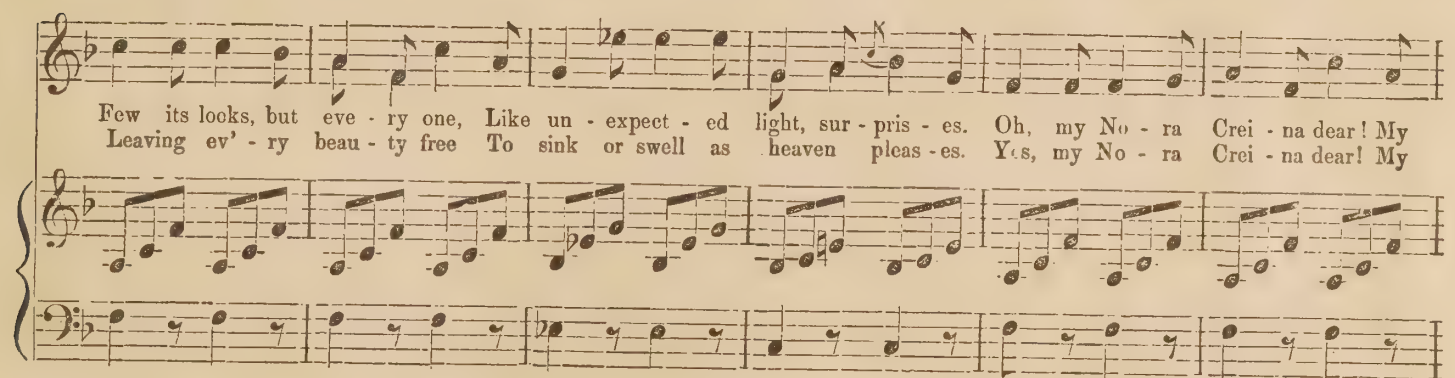
Air—NORA CREINA.



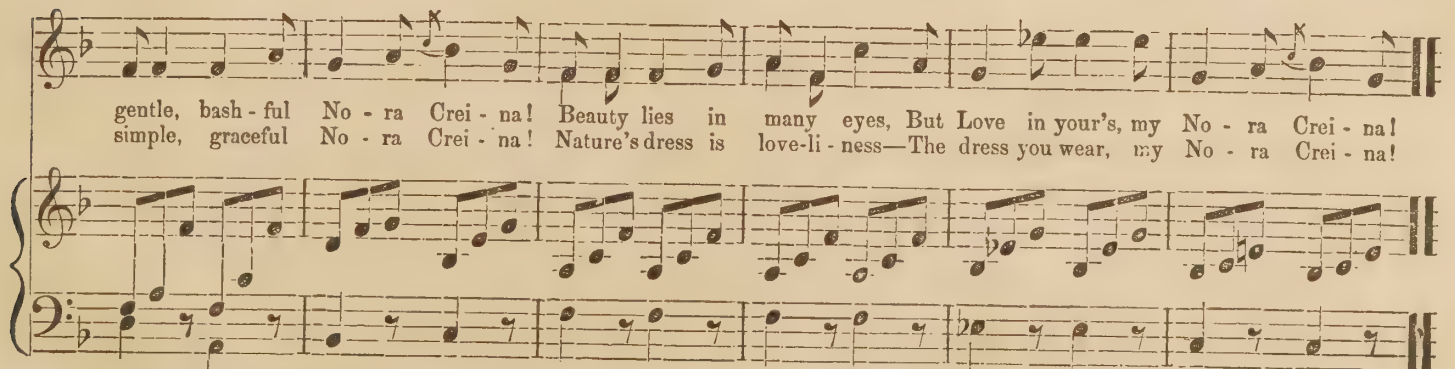
1. Les - bia hath a beaming eye, But no one knows for whom it beameth; Right and left the arrows fly, But  
2. Les - bia wears a robe of gold, But all so close the nymph hath laced it, Not a charm of beauty's mould Pre-



what they aim at, no one dreameth. Sweeter 'tis to gaze up-on My No - ra's lid that sel - dom ri - ses;  
sumes to stay where na - ture placed it. Oh, my No - ra's gown for me, That floats as wild as mountain breezes,



Few its looks, but eve - ry one, Like un - expect - ed light, sur - pris - es. Oh, my No - ra Crei - na dear! My  
Leaving ev' - ry beau - ty free To sink or swell as heaven pleas - es. Yes, my No - ra Crei - na dear! My



gentle, bash - ful No - ra Crei - na! Beauty lies in many eyes, But Love in your's, my No - ra Crei - na!  
simple, graceful No - ra Crei - na! Nature's dress is love - li - ness—The dress you wear, my No - ra Crei - na!

3 Lesbia hath a wit refined,  
But, when its points are gleaming round us,  
Who can tell if they're designed  
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?  
Pillowed on my Nora's heart,  
In safer slumber love reposes—

Bed of peace! whose roughest part  
Is but the crumpling of the roses.  
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear!  
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!  
Wit, though bright, hath no such light,  
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina!



## WHEN THRO' LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE.

Air--THE BANKS OF BANNA.

Slow, and with feeling.

1. Whenthro' life unblest we rove, Losing all that made life dear, Should somenotes, we used to love In days of boyhood,  
 2. Like the gale, thatsighs a - long Beds of o - ri - en - tal flowers, Is the grate - ful breath of song, That once was heard in

meet our ear; Oh, how welcome breathes the strain! Wak'ning tho'ts that long have slept; Kindling for - mer smiles a - gain. In  
 happier hours. Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on, Tho' the flowers have sunk in death; So, when pleasure's dream is gone, Its

fad - ed eyes, that long have wept!  
 mem' - ry lives in music's breath!

3 Music! oh, how faint, how weak,  
 Language fades before thy spell!  
 Why should feeling ever speak,  
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well.

Friendship's balmy words may feign;  
 Love's are ev'n more false than they;  
 Oh, 'tis only Music's strain  
 Can sweetly soothe and not betray!

## THE SHAMROCK.

Air—ALLEY CROKER.

1. Thro' E - rin's isle, To sport awhile, As Love and Valor wander'd, With wit, the sprite, whose quiv - er bright A  
 2. Says Val - or, "See! They spring for me, Those leafy gems of morning!" Says Love, "No, no, For me they grew, My

thousand ar - rows squandered, Where'er they pass A tri - ple grass\* Shoots up, with dew-drops stream-ing, As  
 fragrant path a - dorn - ing!" But wit perceives the tri - ple leaves, And cries, "O, do not sev - er A

soft - ly green As emeralds, seen Through pur - est chrysal gleam - ing O, the Sham - rock! The  
 type that blends Three god - like friends, Love, Val - or, Wit, for - ev - er!" O, the Sham - rock! The

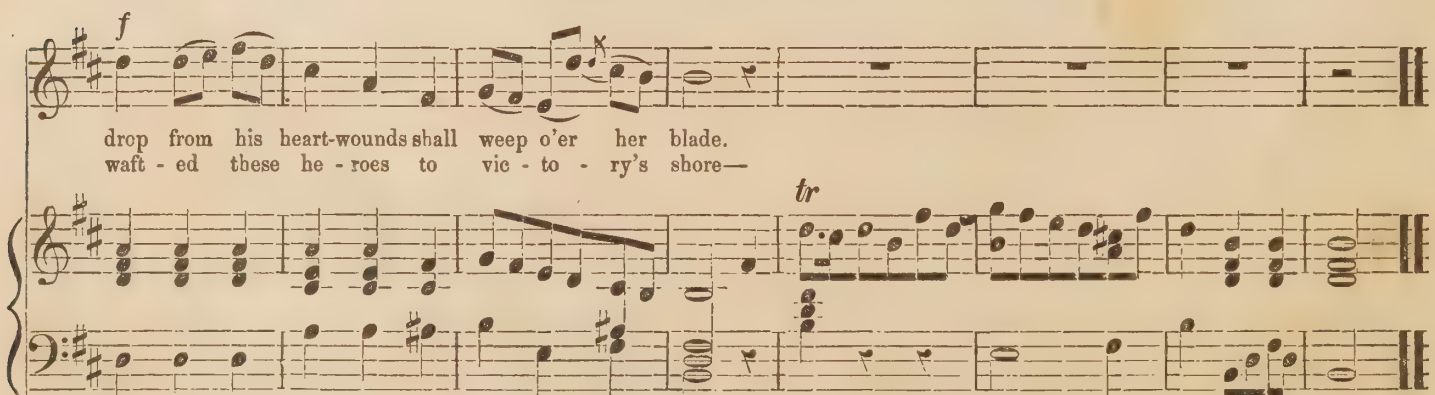
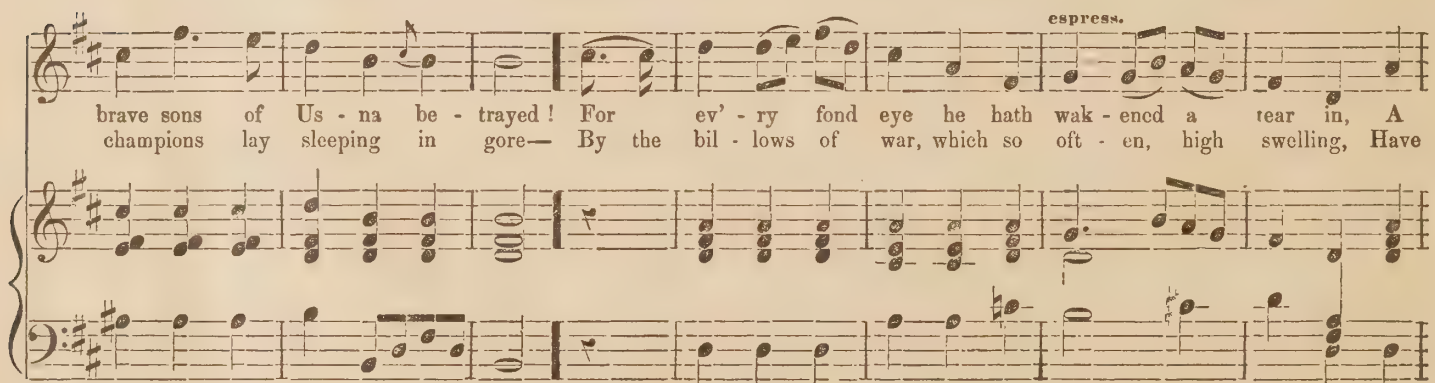
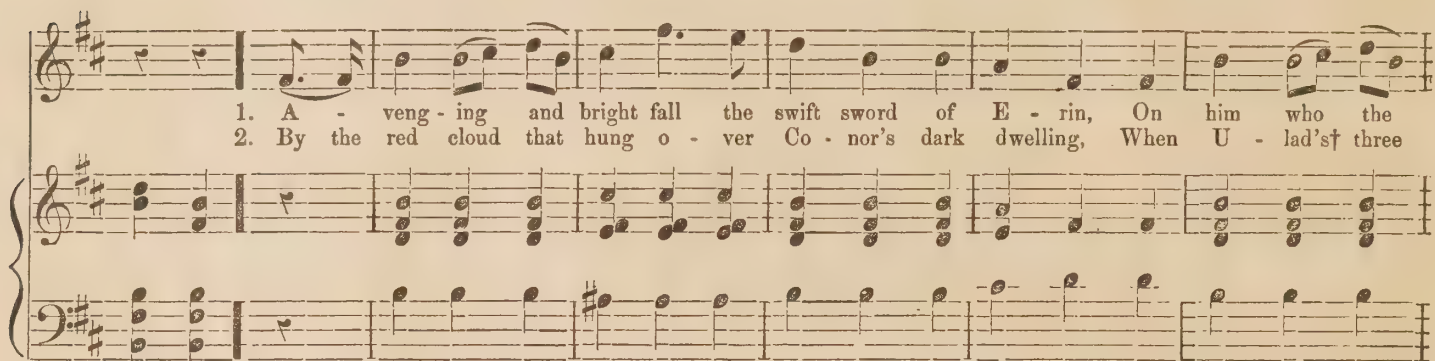
green, im - mor - tal Sham - rock! Cho - sen leaf of Bard and Chief, Old E - rin's na - tive Sham - rock!

\* Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil, to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the Pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. Hopo, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, "standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil or three-colored grass in her hand."



## AVENGING AND BRIGHT.\*

Air—CROOGHAN A VENEE.



3 We swear to revenge them! no joy shall be tasted;  
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed;  
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,  
Till vengeance is wreaked on the murderer's head.

4 Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,  
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;  
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,  
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

\* The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story, called "Deirdri, or the Lamentable Fate of the Sons of Usnach." The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman.

† Ulster.

## NAY, TELL ME NOT.

Air—DENNIS, DON'T BE THREATENING.

1. Nay, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns One charm of feeling, one fond regret; Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns Are

all I've sunk in its bright wave yet. Ne'er hath a beam Been lost in the stream That ev-er was shed from thy form or soul; The

spell of those eyes, The balm of thy sighs, Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl. Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal One

bliss-ful dream of the heart from me; Like founts that a-waken the pilgrim's zeal, The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

2 They tell us that Love, in his fairy bower,  
 Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;  
 But sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,  
 He bathed the other with mantling wine.  
 Soon did the buds, that drank of the floods  
 Distilled by the rainbow, decline and fade;

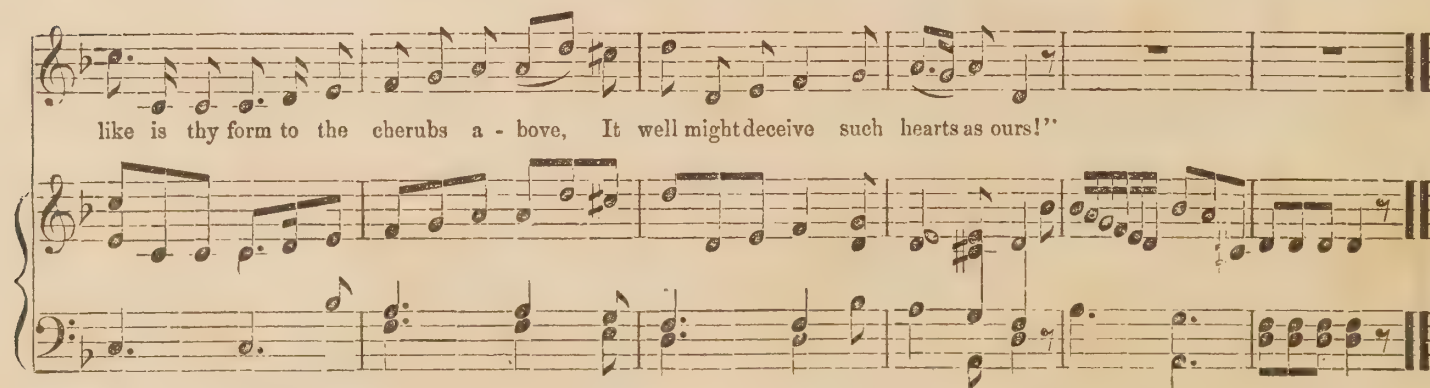
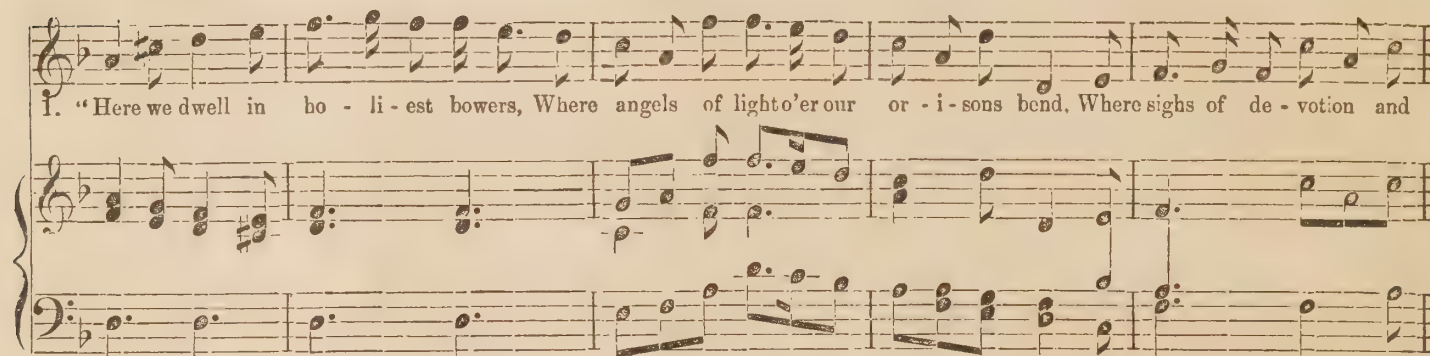
While those which the tide of ruby had dyed,  
 All blushed into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!  
 Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal  
 One blissful dream of the heart from me;  
 Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,  
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee!



## HERE WE DWELL.

Air--CEAN DUBH DELISH.

Moderato.

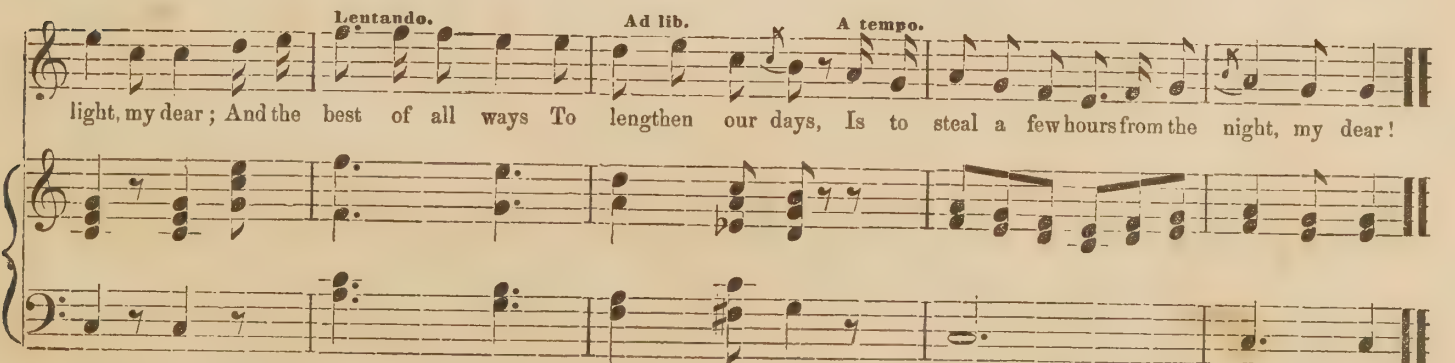
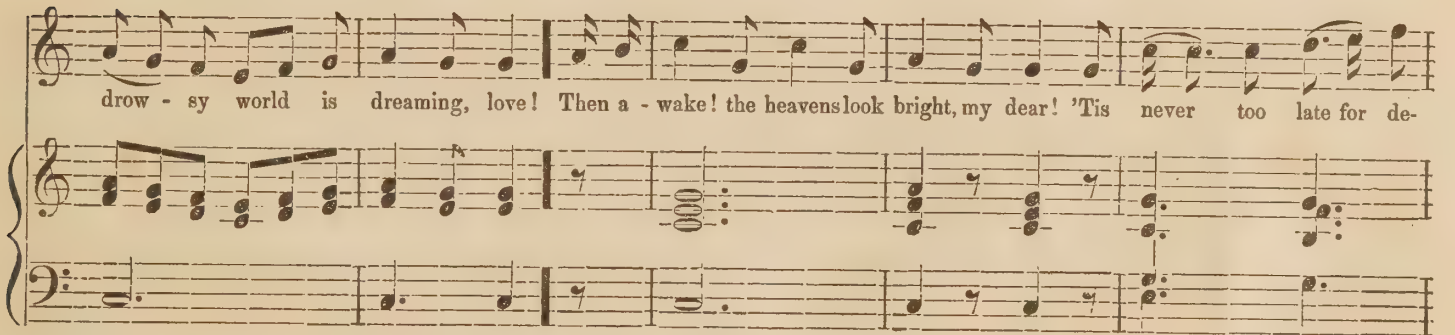
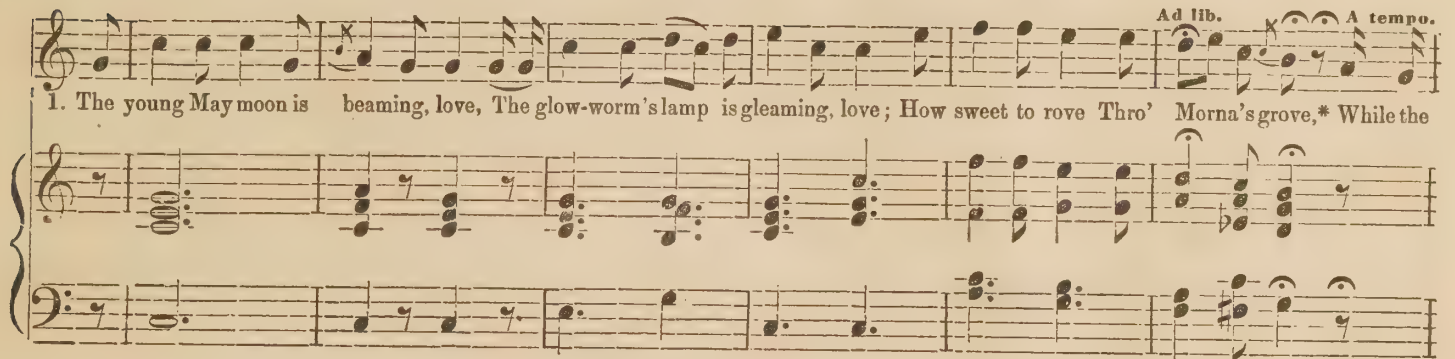
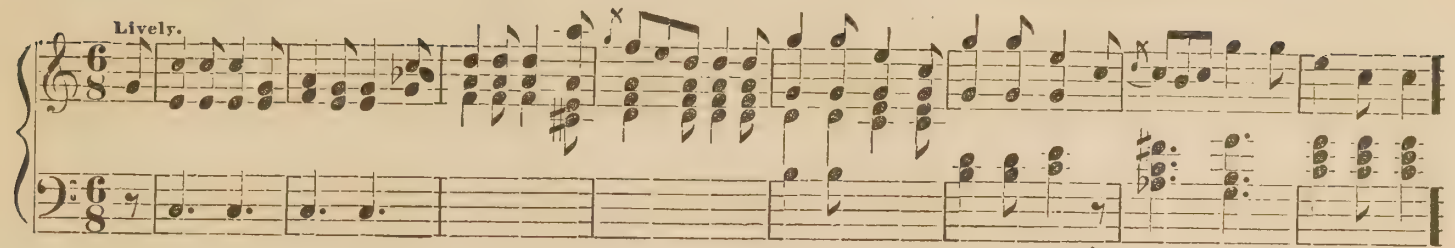


2 Love stood near the Novice and listened,  
 And Love was no novice in taking a hint;  
 His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glisened,  
 His rosy wing turned to heaven's own tint;  
 "Who would have thought," the urchin cries,  
 "That Love could so well, so gravely disguise  
 His wandering wings and wounding eyes!"

3 Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,  
 Young Novice to him all thy orisons rise.  
 He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,  
 He brightens the censor's flame with his sighs.  
 Love is the saint enshrined in thy breast,  
 And angels themselves would admit such a guest,  
 If he came to them clothed in piety's vest.

## THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

Air—THE JANDY, O.



2 Now all the world is sleeping, love,  
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,  
And I, whose star,  
More glorious far,  
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.

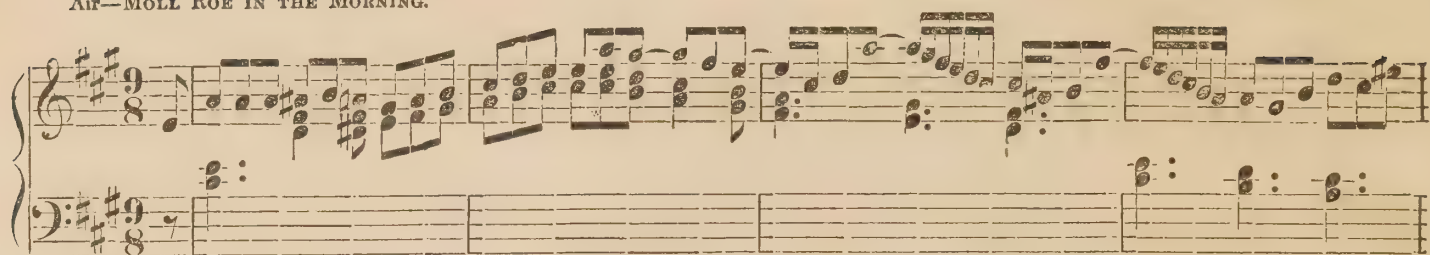
Then awake! 'till rise of sun, my dear,  
The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear;  
Or in watching the flight  
Of bodies of light.  
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

\* "Steals silently to Morna's grove." See a translation from the Irish, in Mr. Bunting's collection, by John Brown, one of Moore's earliest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honorable, and exemplary.

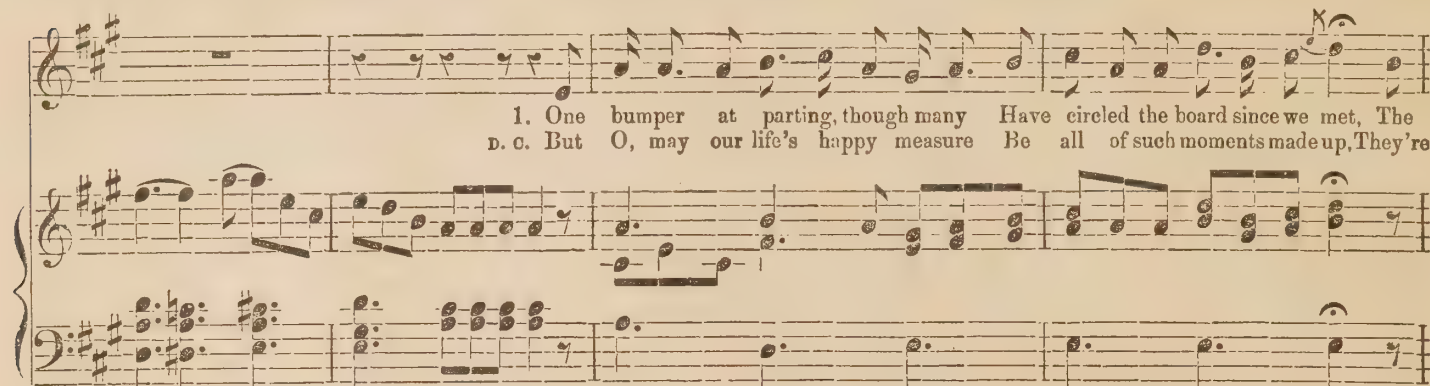


## ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

Air—MOLL ROE IN THE MORNING.



1. One bumper at parting, though many Have circled the board since we met, The  
 D. C. But O, may our life's happy measure Be all of such moments made up, They're



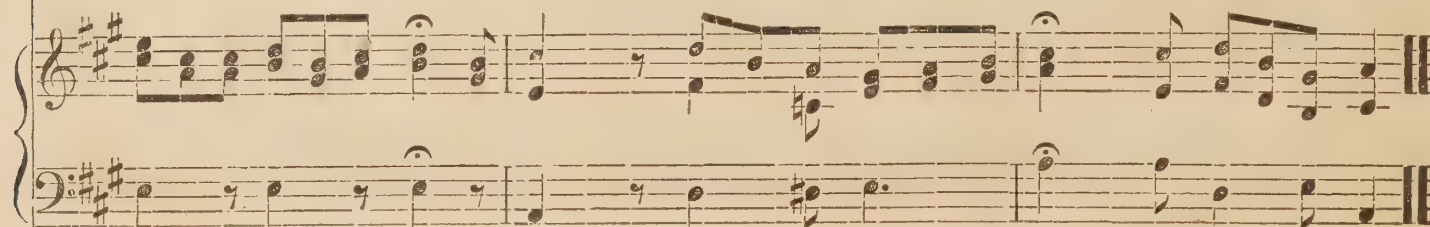
FINE.

fullest, the saddest of a - ny Remains to be crown'd by us yet; The sweetness that pleasure has in it, Is  
 born on the bosom of pleasure, They die midst the tears of the cup.



D. C.

always so slow to come forth, That sel - dom, a - las! till the minute It dies, do we know half its worth,



2 As onward we journey, how pleasant,  
 To pause and inhabit awhile  
 Those few sunny spots, like the present,  
 That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!  
 But Time like a pitiless master,  
 Cries "onward!" and spurs the gay hours;  
 Ah, never does Time travel faster,  
 Than when his way lies among flowers;  
 But come, may our life's happy measure  
 Be all of such moments made up;  
 They're born on the bosom of pleasure,  
 They die midst the tears of the cup.

3 How brilliant the sun looked in sinking!  
 The waters beneath him how bright!  
 O, trust me, the farewell of drinking  
 Should be like the farewell of light.  
 You saw how he finished, by darting,  
 His beam o'er a deep billow's brim;  
 So fill up, let's shine at our parting,  
 In full liquid glory, like him.  
 And O, may our life's happy measure  
 Of moments like this be made up;  
 'Twas born on the bosom of pleasure,  
 It dies midst the tears of the cup.

## THIS EARTH IS THE PLANET.

Air—NOCH BONIN SHIN DOE.

Gayly.

1. They may rail at this life—from the hour I be-gan it, I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss; And un-

2. In Mercu-ry's star, where each minute can bring them New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high, Though the

til they can show me some hap-pi - er planet, More so - cial and bright. I'll con - tent me with this. So long as the world has such

rympts may have live-li - er po - ets to sing them, They've none, even there, more e - namour'd than I And, as long as this harp can be

el - oquent eyes, As be - fore me this moment enraptured I see, They may say what they will o. their orbs in the skies, But this

wakened to love, And that eye its divine in - spi - ration shall be, They may talk as they will of their Edens above. But this

earth is the planet for you, love and me.

3 In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendor,  
At twilight, so often we've roamed through the dew,  
There are maidens, perhaps who have bosoms as tender,  
And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.  
But though they were even more bright than the queen  
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,  
As I never these fair young celestials have seen,  
Why, this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

4 As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,  
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,  
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,  
Heaven knows we have plenty on earth we could spare.  
O think what a world we should have of it here,  
If the haters of peace, of affection and glee,  
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,  
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

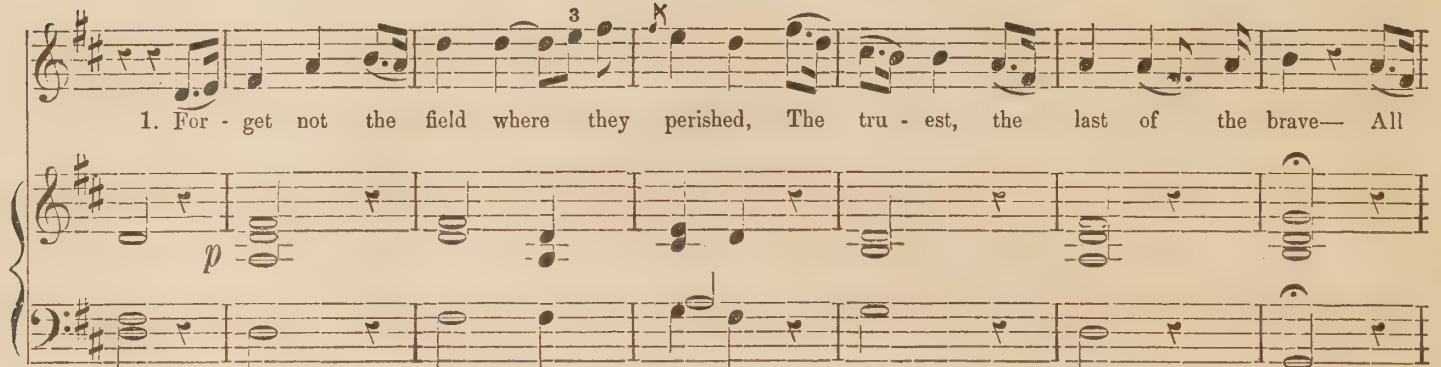


## FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

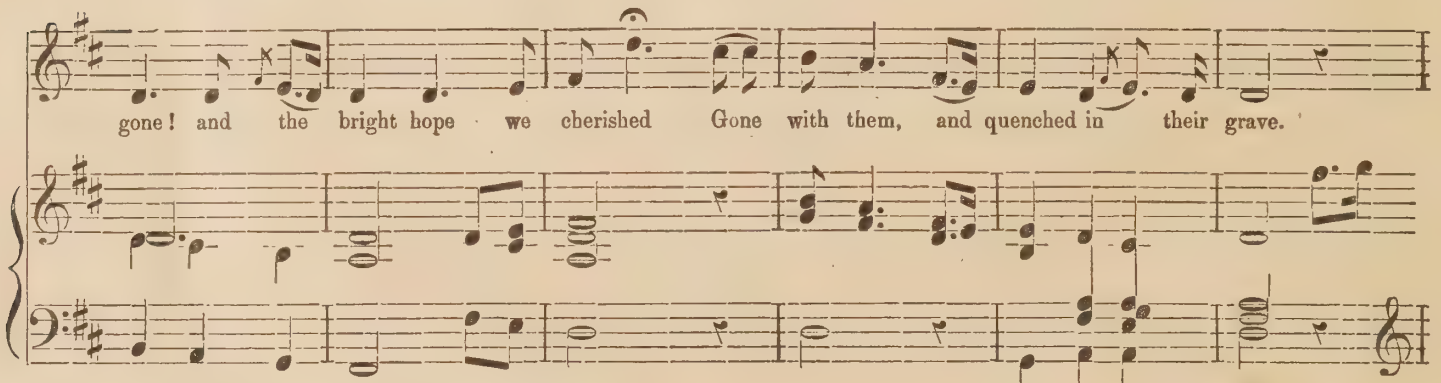
Air—LAMENTATION OF AUGHRIM.



1. For - get not the field where they perished, The tru - est, the last of the brave— All



gone! and the bright hope we cherished Gone with them, and quenched in their grave.



2 O, could we from death but recover  
Those hearts, as they bounded before,  
In the face of high heaven to fight over  
That combat for Freedom once more:—

3 Could the chain for an instant be riven  
Which Tyranny flung round us then,  
Oh, 'tis not in man, nor in Heaven,  
To let Tyranny bind it again!

4 But 'tis past, and though blazoned in story  
The name of our victor may be,  
Accurst is the march of that glory  
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free

5 Far dearer the grave or the prison,  
Illum'd by one patriot name,  
Than the trophies of all who have risen  
On Liberty's ruins, to fame!

## O, FOR THE SWORDS.

1. O, for the swords of for - mer time! O, for the men who bore them, When armed for Right they stood sublime, And  
 2. O, for the Kings who flourished then, O, for the pomp that crowned them, When hearts and hands of free-born men Were

ty - rants crouch'd be - fore them! When pure yet, ere courts be - gan With hon - ors to en - slave him, The  
 all the ramparts round them! When, safe built on bo - soms true, The throne was but the cen - tre, Round

best hon - ors worn by man Were those which vir - tue gave him. O, for the swords of for - mer time!  
 which Love a cir - cle drew, That Treason durst not en - ter. O, for the Kings who flourished then,

O, for the men who bore them. When armed for Right they stood sublime, And ty - rants crouch'd be - fore them.  
 O, for the pomp that crown'd them, When hearts and hands of free-born men Were all the ramparts round them.



## THE VALLEY LAY SMILING.\*

AIR—THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW.

1. The valley lay smil - ing be - fore me, Where late - ly I left her be - hind ; Yet I trembled, and  
 2. I flew to her chamber,—'twas lone - ly As if the loved ten - ant lay dead ! Ah, would it were

something hung o'er me, That sad - dened the joy of my mind. I looked for the lamp, which she  
 death, and death on - ly ! But no ! the young false one had fled. And there hung the lute, that could

told me Should shine when her pilgrim re - turned, But, though darkness be - gan to in - fold me, No lamp from the  
 soften My ve - ry worst pains in - to bliss, While the hand, that had waked it so oft - en, Now throbb'd to my

bat - tle - ments burned.  
 proud ri - val's kiss.

3 There was a time, falsest of women !  
 When Breffni's good sword would have sought  
 That man, through a million of foemen,  
 Who dared but to doubt thee in thought !  
 While now—O, degenerate daughter  
 Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame !  
 And through ages of bondage and slaughter,  
 Thy country shall bleed for thy shame.

4 Already, the curse is upon her,  
 And strangers her valleys profane ;  
 They come to divide—to dishonor,  
 And tyrants they long will remain.  
 But onward ! the green banner rearing ;  
 Go, flesh every sword to the hilt ;  
 On our side is Virtue and Erin ;  
 On theirs is the Saxon and Guilt.

\* The King of Leinster had long conceived an affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter of the King of Meath, and though she was married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni yet could it not restrain his passion. She informed him that O Ruark intended to go on a pilgrimage, and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveyi g her to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad obeyed the surmons, and brought the lady to his capital of Ferns. This led to a cruel war.

## COME O'ER THE SEA.

Air—CUISHLIH MA CHREE.

1. Come o'er the sea, Maiden, with me. Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows; Seasons may roll, But the true soul  
 2. Was not the sea Made for the free. Land for courts and chains a - lone? Here we are slaves, But on the waves,

Burns the same where'er it goes. Let fate frown on, so we love and part not; 'Tis life where thou art, 'tis death where thou art not. Then,  
 Love and liberty's all our own. No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us, All earth forgot, and all heaven around us. Then,

come o'er the sea, Maiden, with me, Come wher - ev - er the wild wind blows; Seasons may roll,

But the true soul Burns the same where'er it goes.



## WELTCH HISTORY'S MUSE.

Air—PADDY WHACK.

1. While His - to - ry's Ma - rial was keeping Of all that the dark hand of Des - ti - ny weaves, Be-

side her the Genius of E - rin stood weeping, For her's was the story that blotted the leaves. But O, how the tear in her

eye - lids grew bright, When, af - ter whole pa - ges of sor - row and shame, She saw His - to - ry write, with a

pencil of light, That il - lum'd the whole volume her . Wellington's name.

2 "Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all sparkling  
 With beams, such as break from her own dewy skies,  
 "Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,  
 I've watched for some glory like thine to arise.  
 For though heroes I've numbered, unblest was their lot,  
 And unblessed they sleep in the crossways of fame;  
 But O, there is not one dishonoring blot  
 On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name.

3 Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,  
 The grandest, the purest, ev'n thou hast yet known;  
 Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,  
 Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.  
 At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,  
 Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame;  
 And bright o'er the flood of her tears and her blood,  
 Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's name."















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